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EVERY convention of the American Federation of Labor is a gathering of office-holders who have a vested interest in perpetuating the craft organizations they represent and who naturally are predisposed to support the old policies. It is the last and not the first place to look for manifestations of changes in tactics or policy. The Cincinnati convention simply emphasized this fact. The unanimous reelection of Samuel Gompers meant the retention of an able man who represents the general sentiment of those he leads. No really progressive leader has as yet enough support to supplant him and most of the men mentioned as possible rivals were in every respect inferior to him. His convention was as usual 100-per-cent American and applauded Commander Hanford McNider's rhetorical suggestion of an alliance between labor and the American Legion "to keep the country American," but it was vigorous enough for any radical in championing labor's rights against judicial infringement—which, to be sure, ought to be good American doctrine, Nicholas Murray Butler to the contrary notwithstanding. It took a sound position on the Mooney and Sacco-Vanzetti cases; it indorsed amnesty for political prisoners, though unfortunately it was misled by an incorrect statement of facts as to the number of prisoners still confined; it saw the birth of plans for a possible joint strike of railroad and mine workers. Men of these unions represent the rising progressive feeling. For reasons of policy they did not insist on a reindorsement of the Plumb Plan which Mr. Gompers opposes, but it was only after they had left for home that he could get the convention to indorse his usual condemnation of recognition for Russia.

REPUBLICAN and Democratic Senators between them have magnificently demonstrated to the country how little the manufacturer receives of what that distressed mortal, the ultimate consumer, pays. It all began with Senator McCumber's tariff show. He brought to the Senate chamber clocks, straw hats, and what not made in Europe and sold here at some 2,000 per cent profit. Why, he asked, should these retailers "object to paying a small part of their profit to the government?" Then the Democrats began. Why did not the Attorney General prosecute the profiteers? How will a 50 per cent tariff protect the American worker, so dear to Republican hearts, from 2,000 per cent profit Were there no tricks in Mr. McCumber's figures? But the most telling answer was made by Senator Simmons, who arranged a display of his own. He brought in watches, knives, and razors, all of them made by American manufacturers at prices comparable with those in Germany. The Gillette razor, which sells for $5, is manufactured for less than 19 cents, he said, while the cheapest German razors cannot be imported for less than 21 cents. What the consumer wants is protection against rampant commercialism in the selling end, rather than against foreign manufactures.

WALTHER RATHENAU was one of the few statesmen whom Europe could not afford to lose. He was one of the very few men who had carved careers for themselves in the pre-war Europe, made good during the war, and yet readjusted themselves to the changed conditions of post-war society. As head of the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft he directed one of Germany's two or three greatest industries; during the war, while constantly at odds with his Government, he first preached the need for mobilization of raw materials and then put the doctrine into practice; he was one of the first to accept the German Revolution and Germany's defeat on the battlefield as facts and to bid his countrymen adjust themselves to them rather than waste their energies in sterile protest. He had a vision of a cooperative new society which won him the hostility of his former associates in big business; he had a vision of a new Europe in which national hates and rivalries would die down. This he tried to translate into reality first in the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement for reparations in kind—which the greed of French industrialists kept from its full development, and later in the Russo-German treaty. Add to these visions and realities the fact that he was a Jew and held high office, and you have the chief reasons for the implacable hate borne him by the old German Nationalists. So he is assassinated, following in the path of Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, and Kurt Eisner, Socialists, and

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Mathias Erzberger, moderate Catholic. It takes courage to lead in Germany today. Fortunately Wirth has courage.

ONE of the most extraordinary trials in modern times is that of the Russian Social Revolutionaries now in process in Moscow. Thirty-four members of this revolutionary anti-Bolshevik group are now on trial for their lives. A summary of the charges against them and of the defense is printed in this week's International Relations Section. Newspaper dispatches report one of the impenitent revolutionaries boldly declaring to his accusers that "it is true that we carried on armed resistance during 1918 but with the defeat of Kolchak we stopped it. Even now, however, we reserve the right to begin again." It is difficult to withhold an amazed admiration from prisoners of such courage and frankness. There is a refreshing if dangerous informality in the court procedure which permitted such political speechmaking as that of the Belgian and German Socialist lawyers who acted as associate counsel to the defense, and which also permitted a workmen's parade to interrupt its sessions and denounce the prisoners. Technically, under the laws of any land, these prisoners are doubtless guilty of treason, as have been revolutionists in all ages. History sanctifies successful revolutionaries and condemns those who fail. The Bolsheviks, very recent revolutionaries themselves, will do well not to anticipate too impitiably history's verdict, and to realize the political advantages of leniency.

INDUSTRIAL autocracy, with unemployment and high prices as its chief allies, has won a great victory in Great Britain. Nearly a million locked-out workers in shipyards and other industries employing machinists are back at work on the terms offered weeks ago by their employers. The shop-steward movement is probably broken beyond hope of repair, the employers have assumed the right of unlimited administrative control, wages are cut, and restrictions on overtime work are abolished. Six hundred thousand men went back some weeks ago, but the lockout did not finally end until the 300,000 members of the Amalgamated Engineers' Union voted to accept the terms of the employers. The result has seemed inevitable ever since the failure of the conference between the men and the owners arranged by the Labor Ministry; none the less it must encourage everywhere the opponents of democratic readjustments in industry.

RECENTLY *The Nation* had occasion to animadvert upon the censuring of the native press of the Virgin Islands for printing a dispatch dealing with American activities in Santo Domingo. The initial phrase of the official rebuke, "While there is no desire or attempt on the part of this Government to muzzle the press of these islands," recalled those gentle war-time editorials about pacifists beginning "While violence is always to be deplored" and usually ending with something like a suggestion that to clout a dog of a pacifist brought good luck and honor among men. And now in reply to a protest from the American Civil Liberties Union, Mr. B. H. Clark, the acting government secretary of St. Thomas, unfolds this interesting doctrine:

> It may well be doubted whether the constitutional privileges of the freedom of the press extend to a colonial possession. . . . In a community where the people have not had the advantages of long residence under American institutions . . . the prevention of promulgation of doctrines inimical to American interests could in my opinion do no possible harm and would in all probability do incalculable good. . . . The line of demarcation between freedom and license in the publishing world is almost indefinable, and the provisions of the Constitution of the United States which do not give the same privileges to residents of a colonial possession as to citizens of the United States —tried and seasoned in proper and orderly self-government— is [sic] in my opinion one of the most outstanding examples of the wisdom of our forefathers who produced that inspired document.

We have still to discover that provision of the Constitution which refers to residents of a colonial possession, but then, possibly, it was part of that "wisdom of our forefathers" to make no special provision for the coming of the American empire. In any event we feel sure the Virgin Islanders and Porto Ricans, to say nothing of Cubans, Filipinos, Haitians, Nicaraguans, and Dominicans, will be much enlightened by this cis-Caribbean definition of the blessings of liberty.

THOSE who wish enlightenment on American imperialism should send for the *Congressional Record* of June 19 and read the debate precipitated by Senator King's amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill providing that no funds be used for the maintenance of forces in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Nicaragua. The contrast between the interventionists' apologies and the array of damning facts presented by Senators Borah, King, and Norris was never made plainer. Neither Senator Pomerene nor Senator McCormick attempted to refute the facts of our illegal seizure of the republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo; they merely berated the Haitians, reaffirmed the loftiness of our motives, and admitted engagingly that "mistakes have been made." The caliber of Senator Pomerene's argument may be gauged from his statement that "the *corvée* system is just what we used to have in the State of Ohio, requiring, when I was a boy, two days' labor from each man in the State." History does not record that hundreds were killed in connection with Ohio's road-building.

SENATOR BORAH, on the other hand, summed up adequately when he said:

> No American citizen had been killed in Haiti, no American property been destroyed, no offense been committed against our people. The Haitian people were at peace with all the world. . . . Property was just as secure and life just as sacred when we entered as it is in some parts of this country, even in some of our large cities.

The King amendment was rejected by 42 to 9, some Senators who favor withdrawal from Haiti and Santo Domingo believing the measure an interference with the Executive, others that the six months' period in which the marines would have to go too short. The nine Senators—Borah, Johnson, King, Ladd, La Follette, Norris, Overman, Walsh of Montana, and Walsh of Massachusetts—who voted for the amendment deserve the thanks and appreciation of all lovers of liberty. Even while they were voting, the screws of military pressure were being tightened in Haiti to force through the $40,000,000 loan which will render the question of any withdrawal academic. Meetings in Haiti to protest against the loan have been dispersed and the protestants arrested. These are the current symbols of our benevolent purpose in bringing law and order to Haiti. We shall comment next week on the report of the McCormick investigating committee. The United Press gave a fair summary of it; the Associated Press account was misleading.

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AFTER the acquittal of William Blizzard, tried for treason in connection with the march last summer of armed miners and others in Logan County, West Virginia, it seemed that the whole prosecution might collapse. The second trial, that of the Rev. J. E. Wilburn, miner-preacher, has ended, however, in finding him guilty of murder in the second degree. Upon the evidence and the justice of the verdict we make no attempt to pass, but we must point out again that when men become convinced that existing government no longer affords them justice there will always be some, like the signers of the Declaration of Independence, willing to risk their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor by taking the law into their own hands. The Rev. J. E. Wilburn was found guilty. So was John Brown.

A YEAR ago the State of North Dakota was offering a bond issue at par which paid 5¾ per cent. The State administration was then in the hands of the Nonpartisan League, and both Western and Eastern bankers declined to underwrite the issue. An attempt was then made to market these bonds directly to the public. *The Nation* accepted advertisements of the securities and declared its belief that the issue was an opportunity to buy high-grade bonds yielding an unusual return. Opponents of the Nonpartisan League, on the contrary, tried to discredit the stability of the State and declared the bond issue wasteful and unnecessary. A year has passed, the opposition is in power, and what do we find? We find the opposition itself issuing bonds, and a banking firm paying 101 for 5 per cent and 108 for 5½ per cent securities. Apparently the Nonpartisan League did not bankrupt the State of North Dakota so completely as some persons have been pleased to declare. We hate to say "I told you so," but just the same——

MANY good men have clung sturdily to the belief that politics would somehow damage and corrupt those members of the female sex who took an interest in it, but few have put forward the theory that women would corrupt politics. It took Senator Myers, a statesman of lesser note, to discover the other day and announce on the floor of the Senate that women through the medium of the National Woman's Party had wantonly and unscrupulously made politics work seven days in the week. In dedicating its new home on a Sunday the National Woman's Party failed to show proper respect "for the sentiments of Christian people"; "six days a week are enough" for politics. Even men adjourn their political conventions on Sunday, says Senator Myers; can women afford to do less? This is a serious challenge and we hope the women will take it in the spirit in which it is hurled. By keeping politics at work Sundays as well as week days they may make it produce some results which would be revolutionary to a degree. Let them lay off on Sundays as the men do, and spend that one day at least——But how do men spend their Sunday off during national political conventions? Tell us that, Senator Myers, so that we may know how to advise these feminine corruptors and slave-drivers of politics.

OUR friend William Allen White in a vigorous and widely quoted editorial on Education asks: "What child ever learned at school any fundamental definition of patriotism outside of flag-waving and creed-memorizing, or baiting the foreigners, or being a '100 per cent American'?" And he might add: "What adult ever learns a better patriotism from the newspapers?" To remedy this defect not only in the name of true loyalty to country but of the greater loyalty to humanity is the motive behind the International People's College at Helsingfors in Denmark and the Summer School of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom at Varese in Italy. The former institution opened its doors last fall to twenty-four students of eight nationalities. It is conducted like the Danish folk high-schools but has an international teaching staff and Danish, British, American, and German advisory committees. Most of those who will see this paragraph can never hope to go to this school of youth though some of them may be able to aid it not only by good wishes but by more substantial support. The Varese summer school session from August 18 to September 2 is another matter. It is disappointing to hear that out of the thousands of Americans bound for Europe few have registered for a school among whose lecturers and teachers are Stefan Zweig, Bertrand Russell, Gertrud Baer, John Haynes Holmes, Frederick Van Eeden, Georges Duhamel, and Carlo Schanzer.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is making a din in England, and soon, it seems, Nicholas Murray Butler is to interpret us to the people of that unfortunate island. For once *The Nation* sympathizes with the twittering Americans who are always worried over what Europe will think of us. What *will* Europe think of us? It sees Mr. Taft in all his glory, and James M. Beck, but never Mr. Debs —how quaint the honorific sounds here! It sees Mr. Butler in all his pomp, but never Mr. Beard, late of Mr. Butler's university. Does England think that we are all like Messrs. Taft, Beck, and Butler? It is quite too much to endure. There really ought to be some scheme to regulate our representation. And yet, the moment one thinks of some constructive scheme, there comes the horrid thought that perhaps the Chief Justice and Principal Murray Butler (as the *Times* calls him) do represent us.

CERTAIN as June *The Follies* come again,
A hundred beauties in their gorgeous train,
Girls lithe as lances, full of grace as flame,
Forever other yet in truth the same:
Eternal youth that in eternal mirth
Spurns with its rosy feet the heavy earth.
For this alone the halting numbers sound,
For this the lace and cloth of gold 's unwound;
The cello's master, the librettist's wit
But bend the bow and drive the quill for it.
And not in vain, for custom dour and slow
Makes of our common life a sordid show.
To *Nashville, Kansas City, Omaha,*
Where beauty 's almost sin and cant is law,
The *Follies* travel once in every year
With loveliness for eye and rhythm for ear.
The grocer flings his "Mother's Oats" aside,
The undertaker smiles though no one died,
The hardware man grows softer than his tins,
The lawyer leaps though his opponent wins,
The clerk his twine, his knife the butcher drops,
The wrinkled farmer talks no more of crops.
Slightly aware of sin they haste to view
What youth and charm and gaiety can do,
And in their inmost hearts despise the clod
Who frowns when *Ziegfeld* shows the works of God.

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Shoveling Money into the Sea

WE cannot agree with those who think that in consequence of recent events the ship-subsidy bill is already beaten. The New York *Times*, for instance, says that the decision of the House not to consider the measure until after the summer recess means that no action can be taken at this session, and it quotes President Harding himself as saying that there will not be time to consider the bill at next winter's short session. But, unlike the tariff, the ship-subsidy measure requires no discussion of detailed and lengthy schedules, while President Harding's remark was intended merely as a spur to Congress. He will not repeat it if the winter session comes without the ship-subsidy plan having been disposed of. More damaging to subsidy than delay, probably, is the controversy over the sale of liquor on Shipping Board vessels. Between these two handicaps the subvention plan is certainly confronted with a hard fight, but to call it already beaten is to lose sight of the fact that virtually all the organization and a large part of the propaganda is on the side of subsidy.

It is announced, for instance, that the chairman of the Shipping Board will take the stump for the measure. The announcement is superfluous since Mr. Lasker has been on the stump, in one guise or another, for the past several months, scarcely leaving it except for meals. Indeed one of the worst features of the subsidy movement is the way in which an administrative body like the Shipping Board has been distorted into a publicity agency and is spending taxpayers' money to further the fortunes of its personnel. Mr. Lasker said before a Congressional committee last summer, "I am not an expert in shipping, but I take a little pride in being an expert in publicity." He has proved both contentions.

As *The Nation* has pointed out before, if there could be any justification for ship subsidy, it would be on the ground that it would maintain a national merchant marine *manned by American sailors* and so keep up our traditions as a seafaring people. The present bill does not give the slightest consideration to this aspect, while the Shipping Board, by assisting in the cutting of wages, has been the chief influence in dispersing the fine body of American seamen that we got together during the war.

Even if the country were to grant the legitimacy of taxing the public as a whole to maintain an industry which cannot pay its own way, the present ship-subsidy bill is indefensible and dangerous. More than the pending tariff it provides for extraordinary administrative powers, capable of all manner of favoritism and abuse. No ship-owner can claim a penny of subsidy as a right under the law. The Shipping Board has authority on its own fiat to deny any subsidy at all or to *increase the rates stated in the bill up to 100 per cent!* A representative of the Shipping Board has admitted that in the case of the Leviathan, for instance, the Board would be able under the bill to refuse the owner a penny or to award him as much as $1,800,000 a year. The bill provides that 10 per cent of our customs revenue and various other funds shall automatically go for ship subsidies without appropriation by Congress. Mr. Lasker estimates these at $52,125,000 a year, but Representative Davis of Tennessee puts the amount as possibly $75,000,000. If that is true, the Shipping Board is handed a blank check by Congress, told to fill it in to any amount up to $75,000,000, and allowed to expend the money on whoever it likes.

Mr. Lasker has based his appeal for ship subsidy largely on the argument that it would enable the Government to sell its fleet and save the $50,000,000 a year that the Shipping Board is now losing. But it remains to be proved that the proposed bill would induce shipping firms to buy the Government fleet or that the Shipping Board need run up so large a deficit. So far as the Government fleet goes, a large number of the vessels were hastily and badly built and private shipping interests do not want them at any price.

The *Nautical Gazette* of June 10 prints an illuminating financial statement of two vessels, one Danish and the other under the Shipping Board, on a voyage from Baltimore to Hamburg, with full cargoes of grain, returning in ballast. Both ships were of about the same age and of about 7,000 deadweight tons each. The Shipping Board vessel, however, is an oil burner and should have the advantage over the Danish steamship, which burns coal and so carries a crew of thirty-eight against the other's thirty. The total voyage expense of the Danish vessel was $17,558 and a profit was made of $1,910. The voyage expense of the Shipping Board's craft was $21,030 and there was a loss of $614. The wages paid on the American steamship amounted to $2,105, which was less than the Danish item of $2,355. The big difference was in fuel, which cost the Danish vessel $2,970 and the American $6,300. Oil is not a more expensive fuel than coal. The explanation therefore is that there was a high fuel wastage on the Shipping Board craft due to bad construction, faulty management, or poor steering.

President Harding thinks that by explaining the ship-subsidy bill to the people they will be won for its support. In our opinion the less the pap advocates say about the bill, and the more they wave Old Glory, the better their chances will be. Representative Davis put it well:

> Our government-owned merchant tonnage cost the people about $3,000,000,000. It is estimated that we will probably sell the ships for $200,000,000. Consequently, the people will stand a loss by deflation of $2,800,000,000. Furthermore, it is contemplated that either existing shipping companies or companies to be organized, who buy the ships, will capitalize the ships largely in excess of their cost to them, and sell the stock and bonds to the American people—so that the people will be standing the war inflation, the post-war deflation, and then the promotion inflation.
>
> The people, through their government, will sell the ships for approximately $200,000,000, lend $125,000,000 to recondition those ships or build others, and then pay the owners approximately $750,000,000 in subsidies and aids within the next ten years. In other words, we will be giving the ships away and paying the recipients over half a billion dollars to operate them for the next ten years, not to speak of the fact that they will probably be coming back at each succeeding Congress asking for more.

The American people refused to sanction the Hanna ship subsidy, which would have cost $3,222,268 annually, and the Gallinger bill carrying an expenditure of $5,109,355. Can they stomach a bill calling for possibly $75,000,000 which gives no assurances of achieving its object even then? As a means of perpetuating the upper personnel of an inefficient and wasteful Shipping Board, and of allowing it to put money in the pockets of its friends, the present bill would be a great success. For all the good it would do 99,999 out of every 100,000 Americans Congress might as well shovel the money into the sea.

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Mexico's Never-Ending Task

STUDY of the details of the agreement signed by the foreign bondholders with the Mexican Minister of Finance reveals, more than was evident from the early newspaper summaries, the real gain won by Mr. de la Huerta's diplomacy. He induced the bankers to sign an agreement more sympathetic to Mexico than they had intended or expected to sign. He faced a combination of the most powerful forces in the world, which were determined to make an agreement with Mexico which would do more than bind her to pay her debts "to the fullest extent of her capacity." They wanted to impose on her a humiliating control of her customs and to interfere in the free administration of her affairs. Yet a combination of circumstances, which included the opposition of the American people to intervention of any kind and the stubborn insistence upon the sovereign rights of his country by the Mexican Minister of Finance, defeated them; the bankers explicitly recognize that their rights can be safeguarded by "prudent and economical management of its affairs *by the Mexican Government.*"

The bankers make certain concessions of those rights. Interest on arrears of interest is canceled; the arrears themselves will be paid without interest over a period of forty years, beginning January 1, 1928—which is in effect partial cancelation. Payments on bonds outstanding will begin January 2, 1923, and will mount gradually to full payment by January 1, 1928, interest on the amount not paid in the intervening period accumulating at the very moderate rate of 3 per cent.

These are, financially speaking, good terms. They were not reached without prolonged and occasionally intense discussion. Yet we do not, as we said last week, attach to the agreement the finality assigned to it in some quarters. The character of American financial imperialism is such that we doubt if any such agreement can be more than a truce. The value of the agreement will be tested in the course of its application. The trump cards will remain in the hands of the powerful and ever-watchful bankers; Mexico can hold her own only when her weaker cards are played by as vigilant a player as Mr. de la Huerta, and then only if other circumstances are favorable. Mexico must be relentlessly on her guard. The pressure which is now temporarily released will bear upon her again; inevitably opportunities will offer for new demands by Mexico's creditors.

We remarked last week that the most dangerous feature of the entire agreement was the return of the railroads to private management. The details of this return are not settled in the Lamont-De la Huerta agreement. It is authoritatively stated that the Mexican Government will not permit the change of system to involve any such prejudice to the workers as we had feared; we hope that it will be able to maintain that position. The agreement provides that the railroads shall be returned in as good condition as before their nationalization, and "as promptly as possible." These adjustments will give time and opportunity for dangerous misunderstandings. In the difficult days to come Mexico, which by the accident of fate has become Latin America's bulwark against American financial imperialism, will have a never-ceasing need for vigilant statesmanship. We only wish that our own Government, instead of hindering, might help her.

Who Is to Blame?

NOT even the number, still less the names, of those who perished in the mine war near Herrin, Illinois, will ever be accurately known. Two union miners were killed; the bodies of sixteen strike-breakers were recovered and buried in unmarked graves. Such was the final fate of victims of the thing we call civilization. A Chicago detective agency had recruited strike-breakers, driven by unemployment and misrepresentation to accept such service, and shipped them to a mining-camp in a strongly unionized county. These men worked behind a stockade, under armed guards, who arrogantly and illegally intrenched the public road and halted passers-by, intensifying the hatred of a community which saw in the strike-breakers traitors to their class. At first there was some pretense that the men were connected with a regular steam-shovelers' union and were only employed in stripping earth off the coal, not in actual mining. Then came a telegram from President Lewis repudiating this shovelers' union. Soon after, though not because of the telegram, striking miners assembled as if by magic. Some of them had been trained as soldiers in the war; violence, they had then been told, in a just cause was holy. No German army had ever taken the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children so surely as the strike-breakers behind that stockade. They marched, most of them unarmed, to the stockade; according to the coroner's jury the mine superintendent, C. K. McDowell, fired and killed a union miner. Then, President Farrington of the Illinois miners says, the men dispersed, collected arms, and returned to the attack. The stockade soon surrendered. Whereupon, according to the newspaper records, the crowd, drunk with bad liquor and inflamed by the sadistic cruelty which a mob engenders, massacred many of the prisoners. Women with babies in their arms are said to have urged on the men. Again America has been shamed and the righteous cause of labor hurt by mob violence.

The blame for this horrible situation cannot all be borne by the strike-breakers or those who, knowing the danger, sent them to Herrin, or by the members of the mob. It was a consequence of the bitter industrial struggle in America whose causes society has been powerless or unwilling to remove and whose violent methods it has been unable to moderate. For twelve weeks hundreds of thousands of miners have been out of work. Their children suffer from hunger. In certain regions they have been denied all the ordinary rights of free citizens. They have seen the property of absentee owners of the coal which the people need guarded by armed thugs, while the Government stood by indifferent or powerless. Out of such a situation mob violence is likely to spring, especially if behind that mob are the traditions of violence which have always attended American labor disputes. Perhaps the same spirit which gives America an ugly preeminence in homicide and which has led to our lynchings has brought it to pass that industrial disputes should be red with murder. This Illinois tragedy challenges both sides in our industrial struggle to assert a decent regard for human life; it challenges government officials and leaders of thought to bring a settlement to the coal dispute ere more desperate men resort to similar acts of madness; it challenges Americans of every degree to seek to remove that poison in the body politic which shows itself in our record of terrible violence.

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Ireland After the Election

THE fortunate result of the Irish elections has been overshadowed by the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson at his London home. The affair resembled the deeds of Russian terrorists in Czarist times though the British Government admits that it has discovered no organization behind the quiet young Irishmen, residents of London without direct ties with Ireland, who committed murder, not as depraved criminals, but as misguided fanatics. The world knew Sir Henry Wilson as a gallant and capable officer in the Great War. Ireland knew him as a staunch supporter of Carson's policy, wholly wedded to the cruel idols of the Orangemen. Sir James Craig could hardly have found a more extreme partisan to whom to intrust the defense of Ulster—and presumably the protection of its citizens. Whether or not, as multitudes of Irish believe, Sir Henry as the representative of the straightest sect of the die-hards was directly responsible for the pogroms which sent a horde of refugees across the Irish boundaries, he did not use his power and influence to stop them. Hence his death. But that death was none the less murder, and may be as disastrous to Ireland as the Phoenix Park assassinations in Parnell's time. Its most baneful consequences may be averted if Irishmen unmistakably keep clear of the further resort to terrorism and if British politicians do not use this assassination as an excuse for further support of Orange madness in which originated the reprisals which curse Ulster.

The elections themselves were conclusive proof of Ireland's desire to have none of militarism and to get on with the constructive tasks of building up the economic and political structure of the state. We do not imagine that the 58 so-called "treatyites of the coalition" or the 34 independents any more than the 36 uncompromising republicans accept the treaty as an ideal or final regulation of Ireland's relations to England, but they certainly will not easily be dragooned into rejecting it by regular or irregular armies whose tactics the people have taken unusual pains to repudiate. It remains to be seen whether in view of the elections the new coalition ministry which both factions of Sinn Fein agreed to set up can be formed or whether it can carry on successfully if formed. Even more important is the question of the constitution. This document, so far as we can judge from cabled summaries, is disappointing. It follows Dominion models; judging from Canadian precedents and the tendency to national self-assertion which all the Dominions display, it ought fairly well to protect the Free State from British encroachment. But certain of its provisions suggest a greater solicitude for vested interests, political and economic, than for social progress. It contains no hint of that enthusiasm for cooperation as the principle of economic and social life which made the new Irish national movement so attractive. The Labor Party, which showed an unexpected strength at the polls, is logically bound to oppose some features of the constitution, even if in so doing it is driven into the arms of the opponents of the treaty. Perhaps it is natural that the flames of revolution should have burned out some of that energy which ought to go into the task of state-building. That energy can be better recuperated in peace than in continued war. It can only be impaired by the anti-democratic attitude of the defeated extremists in Ireland and their vehement supporters in America.

Talk and Philosophy

WHO can look back upon the winter and recall the ardor, the defeats and triumphs, the exhilaration of good talk? We go to parties where we meet friendly feeling and common interests. Yet talk, in the better sense, stagnates. A subject is started; a few remarks pass back and forth. It is clear at once that each has shot past the other speaker into a void. The two minds have not grappled; they have not even met. Each has made a confession and since that mere confession is incomprehensible to the other silence falls until some one else begins the same brief, vain process. Soon everybody retires with visible relief to noting the play on the very surface of life which all see with eyes made alike.

The lady whom you have taken in to dinner says immediately after the soup: "I don't think such plays as 'The Funny Flappers' ought to be permitted, do you?" There are three courses open to you. You can say "No," and conceivably mean it and give the lady the utterly erroneous notion that you agree with her, that your reasons are her own. You can say "Yes," and watch her eyes register the conviction that you have a surreptitious taste for the vulgar or the nasty. Finally you can say "The question is one of inextricable difficulty. The forbidding of plays, however unworthy, drags in its train such a mass of evils both to art and to society because it so misrepresents the character of the moral life that . . ." But by this time your pleasant neighbor will think you a prig and a bore if no worse. Hence what you actually do is to utter a polite evasion. The subject is dead. You are relieved and zestful when she says "Hasn't Mrs. Jones an odd nose?"

When the square-jawed, well-groomed, honest-eyed gentleman across from you remarks "I voted steadily against prohibition. Now it is law, and we ought always to obey the law," you need, to clear your soul, to say "True. And yet, if civil obedience is an absolute duty, it shuts the door upon progress, upon change itself. It justifies, retroactively, the burning of heretics who were civil offenders against the duly enacted law of their age and country . . ." By this time either no one would be listening to you, or else everyone with an expression of boredom and astonishment.

Thus conversation fails or eddies futilely about for the lack of philosophy, for the lack of a reasoned reaction to the totality of things on which you can count in your friend's or neighbor's mind. The lady who thought "The Funny Flappers" should be suppressed had never reflected on Suppression. She did not dream that intelligent disagreement requires a fundamental agreement on the character and bearing of the problems involved. Thus it is far easier, for instance, for the most confirmed liberal to engage in fruitful discussion with a philosophically-minded Tory who has pursued and mastered all the implications of his position than with a so-called fellow-liberal who denies the ultimate consequences of his doctrines because he does not know them and is scandalized by the application of the same reasoning to two different questions. As a nation of practical people we are suspicious of those continentals who are always obtruding their *Weltanschauung*. It would not be a bad thing for us to be less afraid of priggishness, more eager about fundamentals, and thus facilitate both in graver and gayer moods that intercommunication of ideas and opinions which is so fruitful and amusing a part of human life.

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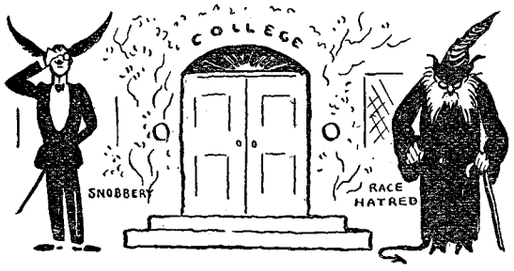
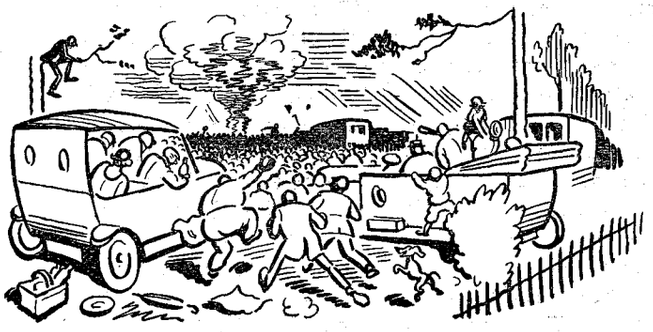
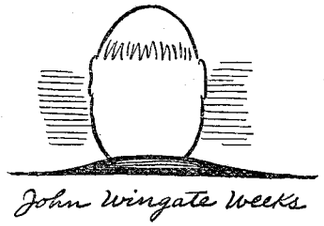
Looking On *by* Art Young



Shall These Be the Guardians of Our Education?

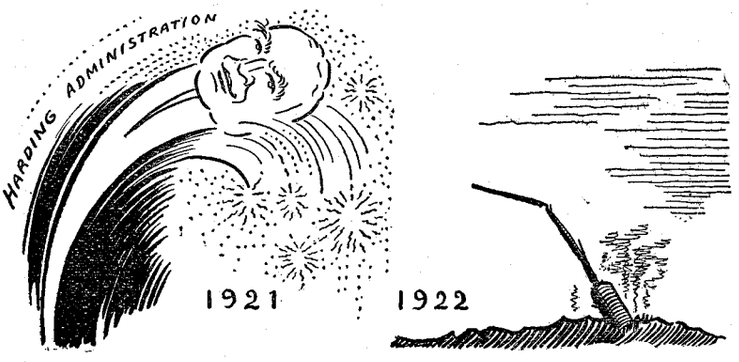


There are those who say that the Dyer bill to prevent lynching is unconstitutional. Perhaps. We are fast learning what is constitutional and what is not. Child labor appears to be constitutional. If an American speculator gets his toes stepped on in a small Latin-American country, it's constitutional to kill a few thousand natives. But when an American gets killed by a mob of other Americans, maybe that all comes under the head of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

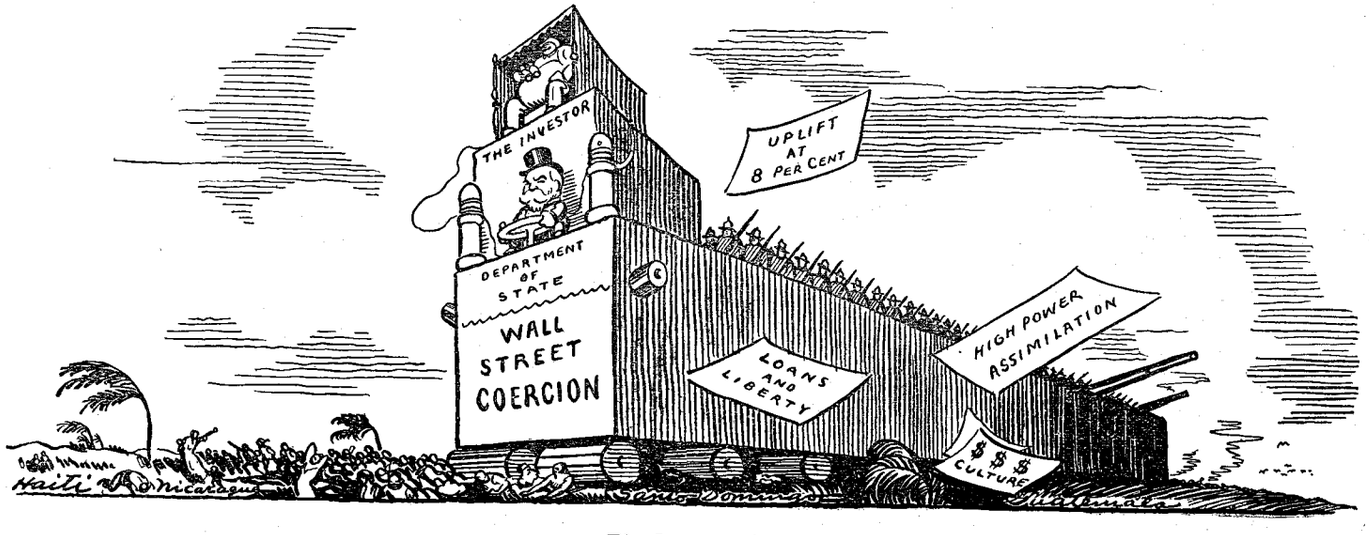


John Wingate Weeks

has discovered that Congress has never fallen quite so low as since the nation permitted the incredible folly of direct primaries, popular election of Senators, and similar assaults on the Constitution. In those happy Convention days John was made Senator; later the unthinking rabble refused to return him to the Senate. That proves his case, doesn't it?



"Up Like a Rocket and Down Like a Stick."



The Juggernaut.

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The Great Bigotry Merger

By CHARLES P. SWEENEY

THANKS to the New York *World*, the country has been informed in a general way of the organization of the Great American Fraternity. Newspaper readers know by this time that the circle of master bigots who developed the Ku Klux Klan, sensing the possibilities of a political application of masked terrorism, have developed a super-organization of haters, aiming to combine the membership of a dozen different groups and committed to the proposition that this shall be a free country for all except Roman Catholics, Jews, Negroes, persons born in foreign countries, and progressive and liberal-minded Americans even if they fall into the otherwise persecution-exempt class of "native, white, Protestant." Already the Klan has been denounced by the leading Masons of the country for an unwarranted linking of the Masonic Fraternity with the Ku Klux in the prospectus of the new organization. But this means nothing to its promoters. They will proceed through the country organizing towns, cities, counties, and States.

Before pooh-poohing the new possibility it is well to consider the recent history of the Klan. The *World's* exposure so advertised the organization that although it lost many of the better members it added a large following of riff-raff, and the Klan is now capitalizing the failure of the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives to report on its investigation.

In twenty-seven States the Klan has made nearly 200 public appearances in hoods in the last ten months. Most of these appearances have been at churches, charitable meetings, or rallies for the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, etc. Invariably gifts of money or Bibles or flags have been made. Masked men have also turned up at numerous funerals, strewn flowers upon the coffin, and dispersed. All this is pure bidding for publicity. But it is significant that the gifts to churches and to charity have been most numerous where the Klan outrages have been most flagrant. Thus, in Texas eighty-seven visitations of Christian charity have been paraded before the people.

In Texas the Ku Klux Klan has become the instrument of a new Negro enslavement, for it is employed in forcing black men to work and pick cotton at rates they would not accept if the decision were left to themselves. Throughout the South and Southwest the Negro population lives in constant fear of the hooded bands of night-riders. Everywhere, South, North, East, and West, where the Klan has planted the fiery cross of the Invisible Empire, Roman Catholics and Jews are the intended targets, while on the Pacific Coast the Japanese are included among the objects of 100 per cent American vigilance.

The law may as well not exist. It is flouted and laughed at. In States where Klan organization has reached its highest point the administrators themselves are Klansmen. Murders, kidnappings, floggings, threats—they are almost daily occurrences. But a judge who denounces the night-riding mobs is the exception. A sheriff, Bob Buchanan, at Waco, Texas, with courage enough to stop a masked parade and demand the names of the paraders, is shot and then made the victim of removal proceedings sponsored by the most influential citizens of his county. A Klansman, in Birmingham, Alabama, who kills a Catholic priest in cold blood on his own doorstep is acquitted at the "trial" amidst the plaudits of the mob. A city council in the same "Birmingham the Beautiful," considering an ordinance forbidding masked parades on the public streets, is terrorized in its own chamber into defeating the measure. Members of a board of education in Atlanta, Georgia, demurring at voting for a resolution to dismiss all Catholics employed as public school teachers, receive letters threatening their lives. A mayor in Columbus, Georgia, who refuses to remove a city manager who has proved efficient and capable finds his home dynamited; the city manager, "a blue-bellied Yankee," is driven from the city. A Roman Catholic church, at Naperville, Illinois, is destroyed by an incendiary fire two hours after a monster Klan midnight initiation in the neighborhood.

E. Y. Clarke, Mrs. Bessie Tyler, and William Joseph Simmons have capitalized ignorance, hatred, and violence in the United States. They have learned to sell hatred and Clarke and Mrs. Tyler have grown rich in the business. As for Clarke himself, he would quit today if Mrs. Tyler would let him. But he is afraid. Whither he goes he is guarded by so-called detectives employed and directed by Fred L. Savage, master strike-breaker, whose last address was Pier 25, North River, New York, from which he marshaled the strong-arms intended to break the longshore strike of 1920. Savage's rise in the Klan has been phenomenal. He went to Atlanta last August at the behest of Clarke and Mrs. Tyler. He soon became Chief of Investigation. In May last when Clarke managed to send Simmons away for a six months "vacation," Clarke became Vice Imperial Wizard, in addition to being Imperial Kleagle; and Savage was made Chief of Operations, a new job, which Clarke announced was "third in command," but, since Simmons has never been but nominally first in command, Savage is today second in command of that army of cross-bearing patriots, the K.K.K. And but for one circumstance Savage would be first in command. That circumstance is Mrs. Tyler, the Ku Klux Empress. In this woman beats the real heart of Ku Klux today, as it did yesterday and will tomorrow.

If there are fools in the K.K.K. Mrs. Tyler is not one of them. She knew better than any one else what Ku Kluxism was leading to, but she was and is willing to chance the consequences so long as Ku Kluxism continues to pay so handsomely. She has a positive genius for executive direction. Her courage is a thing to admire. When Clarke, terrified by the nationwide newspaper assault on the Klan and the impending Congressional investigation last September, wrote his resignation and sent it to the newspapers at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, Mrs. Tyler, hearing of it in half an hour, could not contain her rage. She called up the correspondents, denounced Clarke as "weak-kneed," declared she would never quit, and in forty-eight hours had injected sufficient starch into his spine to permit him to sit up straight in a chair and sign his name to a document withdrawing his resignation.

It is nearly a year since Mrs. Tyler told the writer that the fight on the Klan was bound to result in a religious

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war in America. She meant, of course, that the K.K.K., so long as she exercised an influence over its ostensible leaders, was going to "carry on" and that she anticipated that adverse publicity would arouse opposition sufficient in volume and bitterness to bring civil strife to various sections of the country. As a matter of fact the first idea of Simmons, Clarke, and Mrs. Tyler did not comprehend selling anti-Catholicism. They believed the phrase "white supremacy" to be the mainspring of the promotion, at least in the South—and they did not dream in the beginning of anything but a purely Southern organization. But the face of things changed as one after another of the Atlantans who believe the Pope to be the head of a conspiracy to unseat Congress and toss the President into the Potomac were admitted into the mysteries of Klannishness. Indeed, they changed the Klan so completely that in some States it is not considered anything but a straight anti-Catholic organization, as for instance Oregon, where, in Portland, but a few months ago the Klan initiation was held in the Municipal Auditorium by permission of the city authorities. The result of the Republican primary elections in that State, fought on a straight Klan versus Catholicism basis and lost by the outspoken Klan candidates by less than 500 votes, attests the strength the weird order has gained in the Northwest.

Believers of the statements that the Klan does not interfere with the rights of the individual or with the processes of law will be enlightened by an address by J. G. Camp, a duly authorized Kleagle and Klan lecturer at Yazoo, Mississippi. On February 26, 1922, he said: "The Klan is, in a way, a great detective agency and gathers evidence against offenders. Then at a Klan Klonklave the offender is tried by the Klansmen and a committee appointed to see the offender and attempt by gentle persuasion to make him see the error of his ways. If that fails the offender is reported to the officers and the officers told to prosecute him or get out of office."

From the South and Southeast reports have come that the Klan is on both sides of the prohibition question. In one section Klansmen manifest a determination to drive out all bootleggers, as for instance in Wilson, Oklahoma, in January last, when Klansmen attempted to banish Joe Carrol, a reputed bootlegger, who pulled his gun and fired, killing two Klansmen, and then received a fatal bullet himself.

In Georgia, the Klan is generally regarded as the protecting arm of the bootlegger, the regulator of men who do not live with their wives, and the arch-enemy of Catholics in politics. In Texas the Klan is likewise very anti-Catholic, very moral, and very wet. In Texas and Colorado fearless judges have held that the Klan oath is an impediment to justice. Judge Robert Street at Beaumont, Texas, removed Tom Garner, sheriff of Jefferson County, on the ground that his Klan oath was in contravention of his oath of office. In Colorado it was held that witnesses who refused to answer questions because it would violate their Klan oath were in contempt of court, and three Klansmen were jailed; also when the Klan threatened death to Governor Shoup's Negro messenger unless he left the State, and by threats did succeed in driving from the State another reputable Negro citizen, the State authorities refused a charter to the order.

In their statements to the press, nevertheless, Simmons and Clarke continue to insist that the Klan is not governed by bigotry or prejudice and that it is not anti-Catholic. There is a volume of proof to refute this, but hardly more is needed than these excerpts from an address by Simmons, himself, to the Junior Order of United American Mechanics in Atlanta on April 30, last, as published in the *Searchlight*, organ of the Ku Klux Klan and the leading journalistic proponent of the Great American Fraternity:

> Right here within our own borders, the great and mighty city of Boston, which tries to lay claim that it is the cradle of America (tries is all it can do), and holds itself up as the paragon of American principles, has, if my information is correct, seventeen schools in which the English language is never spoken, and not an English thought or an American ideal. These schools are for the children of French-Canadians who have come across the border and each of these schools are under the domination of a foreign potentate who is in nowise sympathetic with American ideals and institutions. Right here in our own land twenty-one towns in the State of Connecticut are under the domination and control of the Italian-Dago influence. Then you hear folks talk about "we Americans," and of America as the melting-pot where the stamp and impress of all nations can come in and shape our destinies. It is no such thing. It is a garbage can! Not a melting-pot. . . . My friends, your government can be changed between the rising and the setting of one sun. This great nation, with all it provides, can be snatched away from you in the space of one day, and that day no more than ten hours. When the hordes of aliens walk to the ballot box and their votes outnumber yours, then that alien horde has got you by the throat. . . . Americans will awake from their slumber and rush out for battle and there will be such stir as the world has never seen the like. The soil of America will run with the blood of its people.

In this same address the Colonel, who before Congress denied that he or the Klan held anti-Negro prejudices, said:

> All these folks of color can take their place—they had better take it and stay in it when they get in it. This is a white man's civilization and we are the instrumentalities for the preservation thereof and the protection of that which was created by years of devotion, which has given to the world the open Bible, the little red school house, if you please, the great public-school system, all those things which have come to us through years of devout thought and hard work as a sacred heritage. . . . Men tell me that the Negroes in this State, and I am not now going outside the State of Georgia, are paying their poll taxes for as far back as fourteen years and qualifying to vote. . . . I am informed that every buck nigger in Atlanta who attains the age of twenty-one years has gotten the money to pay his poll tax and register, and that 6,000 of them are now ready to vote, and that these apes are going to line up at the polls, mixed up there with white men and white women. Lord forgive me, but that is the most sickening and disgusting sight you ever saw. (Loud applause.) You've got to change that. . . . Keep the Negro and the other fellow where he belongs. They have got no part in our political or social life. If in one, he will get into the other.

These words of the Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire are mild, indeed conservative, when compared with the violence of Carl F. Hutcheson, Atlanta school commissioner, J. O. Wood, editor of the *Searchlight*, or Walter Sims, Atlanta city councilman and Klan candidate for mayor. The first two of these are the principal promoters of the Great American Fraternity, and Hutcheson's law partner, J. A. Morris, is president. With their confreres they actually induced the Klan to boycott a certain brand of cigarettes (Camels) because they are made by a concern reputed to be controlled by Thomas Fortune Ryan, a Catholic. They have attempted to intimidate the Atlanta board of education into dismissing all of the Roman Catholics

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employed as school teachers, to influence employers to dismiss their Roman Catholic workers, and to boycott merchants who display Roman Catholic sympathies. Wood, a Klan candidate for the legislature in Georgia, has chosen as a leading plank in his platform a more rigid inspection of convents and institutions conducted by religious orders. The Klan, several weeks ago, succeeded in effecting the dismissal of a school principal in El Paso, Texas, because she is a Catholic. This writer is in possession of first-hand information concerning a conference between several of these fanatics, in which Clarke, perceiving the salability of anti-Catholic activities, proposed the very plan now revealed under the title the Great American Fraternity. It is interesting to add that at a similar conference, sometime previous, Clarke worked up his hearers with a declaration that when the Klan influence flowered its leaders would aim at the sterilization of all male Negro children so that the Negro would gradually disappear from the American Continent. It is equally interesting that Negroes are joining the Catholic church for self-protection.

Clarke denies he is back of the Great American Fraternity. Nevertheless the idea is his. And this is the idea:

1. To organize a nationwide sales organization composed of members of thirteen secret orders popularly believed to be hostile to the Catholic church.

2. To instruct these salesmen in the business of selling effective political anti-Catholicism to their brothers in their respective lodges. This is in line with the system adopted by Clarke in 1920 for putting over the Ku Klux. At that time Clarke suddenly realized the value of representing the Klan to be "the fighting brother" of Masonry. So he issued orders that none but men with Masonic affiliations should be employed as Kleagles, or salesmen, although Clarke himself is not a Mason and it is well understood that he could not get into the order.

3. To find political issues, based on opposition to the Catholic church and to Catholics, upon which all of the thirteen secret societies might unite in a given city, county, or State.

This idea is now a realized fact. Hutcheson and Wood, law partners until recently, had the Great American Fraternity incorporated in Georgia and set the price of membership at $5, payable in advance upon application. The only other requirement is that the applicant produce evidence that he is a member in good standing of one or another of the thirteen organizations. The fact that the most prominent Masons of the country, as well as officials of the Orangemen, have repudiated the plot as anti-American does not worry the promoters. They are out to unite in a single group of haters all the haters in the country, as may be gleaned from the following statement of the Great American Fraternity, appearing in the *Searchlight*, organ of the Ku Klux Klan, for June 10, 1922 (when it appeared, for the moment, that the Klan candidates had won the Oregon primary election):

> What has happened in Oregon will come sooner or later in every State. The enemies of American institutions, boasting of unification and commanded by a potentate situated in a foreign land, have been overthrown. . . . What will the hostile hosts think when they find themselves opposed by the Great American Fraternity throughout the land? Already INTENSIVELY one hundred per cent American as to its each individual member, this great organization is binding together the properly qualified members in good standing of the Free and Accepted Masons, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Junior Order of United American Mechanics, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Guardians of Liberty, Sons and Daughters of Washington, Order of the Eastern Star, Daughters of America, Rebekkahs, Loyal Orange Institution, Knights of Luther, National Legion of Pathfinders, and Order De Molay. . . .
>
> Information about the Great American Fraternity is reaching its stalwart eligibles "through certain channels" of the particular organization to which they belong. They are also receiving it in a more direct and official manner. Those who are anxious to take part in the great work without waiting for the regular operation of the machinery now in motion may address the Great American Fraternity, Georgia Savings Bank Building, Atlanta, Ga. . . . Americans, get to your lodges regularly now if you never did before, and keep in touch with what is going on! The crisis has arrived. We must win and save our land from the blight that threatens it. We will win!

Available statistics indicate that the organizations listed in the Great American Fraternity's schedule of eligibles for the bigotry merger comprise a total membership of at least two million in the United States. This does not include the Masons, whose responsible officers are out with a flat denunciation of the scheme, and who, if they exerted a tithe of the influence they possess, could do more to stop the Know-Nothing program than any other single force.

Already, and without the stimulating activity of the Great American Fraternity, Ku Klux hatred has forced its way to a greater or less degree into the politics of ten or more of the States. In Texas Robert L. Henry, twenty years a member of Congress, now a candidate for Culberson's seat in the Senate, was "accused" of being a Klansman. Unable, under the law of the Invisible Empire, to admit or deny the charge without a special dispensation "to uncover" from Atlanta, he held off until said dispensation was obtained, and promptly turned the accusation into an asset by loudly proclaiming himself a member of the Klan. He is now campaigning on that issue, and in a speech at Fort Worth declared: "The Klan will continue to grow, and these candidates of whom I speak [anti-Klan] and these great journals [anti-Klan] cannot destroy it." Speaking in a similar vein Sterling P. Strong, another of the five Senatorial candidates, opened his campaign in a speech beginning "I am proud to declare myself a member of the Ku Klux Klan."

It is not likely that the Great American Fraternity will actually enlist as paid members more than one-fifth or one-sixth of the membership of the Ku Klux and the other orders named in the schedule. But with such a nucleus it might well be expected to become a driving force in American politics, for behind it the promoters could reasonably expect to find the sympathy and support of the non-paying, but none the less ardent, haters throughout the land. Consequently, we may expect to read from now on of the increasing importance of religion in politics; of school teachers dismissed for their religious beliefs; of workers losing their jobs for the same reason; of boycotts of merchants for the same reason; and of repetitions North, East, and West of the crimes of ignorance and prejudice which for the past twenty years have been largely confined to the South.

Contributors to This Issue

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"Americanism" as an Educational Menace

By F. B. KAYE

I

DYNAMITE can be exploded by fulminate of mercury. It does not matter to the dynamite whether this take place in a mine or in a church. Given the impulsion, the explosive will go off, and pay no attention whatever to the place or effect of its going off. This is only to say that dynamite is uneducated. Were the dynamite possessed of a cultivated intelligence it would not blindly react in the same way whenever a certain stimulus was present, irrespective of whether the occasion was genuinely appropriate to the reaction. This dynamite-reaction is the hall-mark of a deficient education. The badly educated mother reacts to her child's naughtiness with punishment whether the boy's misconduct be the result of temper or of adenoids. The badly educated politician continues to meet emergencies with the once pregnant platitudes of his party, although some unforeseen cataclysm may have reduced these doctrines to absurdity. The people of deficient education, in other words, fail to note those details which distinguish one set of circumstances from a similar set, but, discovering some familiar incident or object common to both events, assume the contingencies to be essentially the same and treat them alike. These uneducated people, then, have developed a kind of rule of thumb whereby whenever a certain signal, in the form of some familiar circumstance, is flashed upon their understanding, they automatically repeat the accustomed set of actions or opinions which they have learned to associate with the signal. It is like dropping a nickel in the slot.

Such lack of education is especially prevalent in matters where the emotions are most deeply interested—as in love and religion. Possibly this is because affairs so profoundly involved with the emotional life have their roots in ancient instincts, and, of course, instinctive reactions are notoriously of the uneducated, undiscriminating type. Still, all normal people living in society manage, because they must, to educate themselves even in matters involving the most basal emotions; and the young man finally learns that not every pretty face is the index of a good mate, and that not every upward-rolling eye is the sign of a pure heart.

Now, patriotism also is one of the profound and basic emotions, and can no more be left safely to uneducated reactions than can love or morals. That is why thoughtful people are looking with discomposure upon the orgy of naive patrioteering now one of our most prominent ethical phenomena. They feel that the campaign at present being waged for what is called "Americanism" is too largely a campaign for uneducated reactions in matters patriotic.

Recently at the theater a certain actor performed in a play on a patriotic theme. He was poor and the audience was obviously bored. With a knowledge of psychology, however, superior to his acting, he managed to close by waving the American flag, and made a triumphant exit under cover of the resultant applause. This is a good example of the nickel-in-the-slot reaction to patriotic stimuli. Given the patriotic stimulus—the flag or a few phrases about America—and all the immense emotional forces of national feeling rush forth to do the service of the man who dropped in the nickel, whether he be a producer who has dressed his chorus in red, white, and blue tights, a mob bent on a lynching, a statesman with a genuinely patriotic intent, or a superintendent of schools discharging a teacher for saying that Wagner was a respectable composer or for hinting that not all Russians have bushy beards. People whose reactions are thus uneducated are at the mercy of the first exploiter of their patriotic emotions.

We are, indeed, facilitating such exploitation, by encouraging emotional debauchery in gratifying patriotic impulse that would be thought mad if allowed in other fields of emotional experience. Suppose that someone, under the plea that love was a sacred and essential matter, declared that everything dictated by it or connected with it was not only justifiable but to be encouraged. Suppose that he did likewise with religion. Should we not declare him a libertine and a bigot? Assume, now, that he went further, that he organized campaigns to make the whole nation believe that judgment should never be critically directed against anything involving either love or religion. I doubt whether we should consider this campaign truly educational. Yet in regard to patriotism we now tolerate and encourage the kind of attitude that we condemn in other spheres. We are actually trying to make—and have made—patriotic libertines and bigots.

Uneducated patriotism may always become the irresponsible servant of whoever first plays upon it capably in any cause. However, it has a natural direction which it generally follows. Since uneducated patriotism possesses no concrete and critical ideals of conduct, being merely a floating mass of affectionate and combatant emotion, it is usually attached to whatever the community favors, and it thus becomes an instrument of the mob to protect its own passions—the servant of intolerance and provincialism. Not only the natural tendency of naive patriotism, but various other facts combine to identify patriotic sentiment with a bigoted conservatism. One such factor is egoism. Self-conceit, its direct gratification inhibited by civilization, finds indirect methods of indulging itself. Thus, the flattery that would embarrass a man if aimed directly at him is quite acceptable to him if given to the body of which he is a member, every man freely taking for himself the praise given to all collectively. To some extent, therefore, patriotism serves to gratify egoism; and the same bias that prevents a conceited man from remodeling himself helps to fix a nation of uneducated patriots in ultra-conservatism. Another element which enters into rendering naive patriotism the mere tool of popular prejudice is the universal resistance to breaking habits of any kind. Thus it comes that an undiscriminating campaign for patriotism may become a campaign for conceit, provincialism, and intolerance—for a state of mind of passionate self-satisfaction, to which all things American are of equal perfection and importance—Southern chivalry and Southern lynchings, Kentucky blue grass and Massachusetts blue laws. In other words, 100 per cent Americanism is 100 per cent provincialism; and in the triumph of the current ideal of Americanization is to be feared the triumph of the chief anti-educational forces—unenlightened egoism and a bigoted objection to things unexperienced. And I will add that if this essay seems

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unpatriotic it is because so many have identified patriotism and provincialism, in accord with the present uncritical patrioteering.

II

Thus far the ideal of education according to the standards of which the present patrioteering has been judged anti-educational has not been explicitly defined. It has probably, however, been clear to the perspicacious reader that education has here in great part been conceived of as training which enables a man to dissent from conventional opinion as the weight of facts inclines him—to be an individual. Now, such education can only be achieved and be active in a society which encourages its youth to question and dispute and which allows free access to all sides of a debated matter, so that a man may not only form his own opinions but by critically examining evidence develop the power of independent vision.

But here arises a pertinent question. How comes it that the mass of people who protest their faith in the principle of intellectual liberty are the very ones who are fostering the present intolerant patrioteering? The answer is that the mass of people never really believe in tolerance. Of course, they *say* they do. The mayors who refuse permission to radicals to read portions of the Bible at a meeting and the school superintendents who discharge teachers for protesting the blockade of Russia all proclaim their belief in freedom of speech. Nor are they hypocrites. Should you call their attention to the apparent incongruity between their actions and their profession they would sincerely reply that although they believe in liberty they do not believe in license and the toleration of the bad. That tolerance means nothing unless it is tolerance for what one disagrees with is not an active part of the average man's creed.

I say an "active" part, for it might well be possible to secure from the mayors and superintendents intellectual acquiescence to the full implications of tolerance. But it would be found that, in most concrete cases, the elementally natural feeling that a bad thing should be crushed would prevent tolerance, under some such facile plea as that of having to draw a line somewhere. The fact is that the mere logical acceptance of a principle is of little avail when the principle deals, as toleration does, with matters provocative of the fiercest emotional response. The forces that make against toleration are too tremendous—habit and fear, hatred of the uncongenial, and the egoism which makes us sanctify our own reactions. A true belief in freedom of thought implies the subjection of these giants; and such true belief, therefore, is never merely the product of intellectual comprehension, but is a triumph of self-discipline. Every effective opinion, indeed, is not merely an intellectual conviction, but a habit of thought. And habits are not acquired by listening to an argument.

The critic of intolerance as an anti-educational force, therefore, is faced by a gigantic opponent, an opponent, indeed, with whom the illuminated minds of the world have struggled since the commencement of our civilization in an Antaeus-conflict which must be begun afresh for the soul of everyone born into this world. For everyone is born intolerant. Much training alone will master man's savage inheritance, and nothing will sufficiently master it but a critical education—the very thing challenged by intolerance. The cause of education, then, and the means of attaining it are one, and he, therefore, who threatens it threatens also its means of self-defense. On this account the present reign of intolerant provincialism is not only an embodied illustration of defective national education, but is rendering it increasingly difficult to supply enlightenment. True education has no greater enemy than this bigotry, and as bigotry's offspring our present ardor for sentimental "Americanism" must be reckoned an educational menace.

III

"But, how," it may be asked, "shall patriotism be implanted?" The answer is simple: it does not need to be. Patriotism in the normal individual is as inevitable a fact as digestion or sleep. The emotion is a basic one, whether it show itself in a boy's allegiance to his gang or in the devotion of a Nathan Hale. Patriotism, indeed, in the sense of affection for one's country, is like family love; it either need not be taught or it cannot. To be sure, some families do attempt to teach filial affection, but they are not the most successful ones. Thus it is with a community. Let it but offer a generous life to its children, and there need be no "teaching" of love for country.

Love of country, however, and usefulness to it have no necessary connection. Many a man who will die for his land will also vote for his boss; and the very intensity of his patriotic fervor may make a man a helpless and angry conservative in the face of crises demanding free-minded adaptability. Although, therefore, there is no need to *arouse* patriotism, there is need wisely to *direct* it. And this can be done only by a liberal and critical education—an education which will be effective in direct proportion as it is non-provincial. A provincial education in the service of an intolerant patriotism may bring forth 100 per cent local patriots like the red Indian and the medieval Chinaman, but not 100 per cent good citizens.

It is therefore on ultimately patriotic grounds that I object to the so-called "Americanism" campaign at present made the instrument of bigotry and persecution, for what America needs at present is not more flag-waving, but more tolerance and more knowledge.

Somerset County Sector

By McALISTER COLEMAN

THE unionization of Somerset County is the cleanest-cut victory won by the miners since the great strike started. It was the boast of the Somerset operators that their "contented" workers would never go out. "Get Somerset and you have the rest" was the challenge flung at union organizers. To win such a victory meant for the organizers long days and nights of heart-breaking, nerve-racking work; hurried trips in rickety machines up mountain passes and down roads, as often as not drenched with the white glare of the operators' searchlights; speeches and more speeches from the rickety verandas of miners' shacks, on kitchen tables, in back lots, atop stumps in woodland clearings, on the platforms of remote halls. And all the while there was the constant menace of armed detectives, of mounted coal and iron police, and hard-faced company gunmen in plain clothes. Men who organized Somerset will show you, with no inconsiderable pride, gaping holes where teeth have been knocked out, swollen jaws, bruises and ugly scars, the wounds of industrial warfare won on the fields of Somerset.

Two men of as sharp a contrast as one could imagine

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were in the forefront of all this work of organizing the non-union fields. They were Powers Hapgood, a quiet-spoken youngster who left Harvard in 1921 to work with a pick in the anthracite and bituminous mines, and Davy Cowan, who went down into the mines when he was "eight years less'n three months." He was a breaker-boy then, earning forty cents a day. Today Davy is Board Member of District No. 2, United Mine Workers of America, and he hangs from his belt the scalps of some of the most bitter anti-union companies in Somerset. Cowan and Hapgood frequently address the same meeting. Hapgood talks unionism and the advantages of solidarity in crisp, conversational tones. Davy pulls his coat from his big shoulders, throws his hat on the ground, and in a voice that can be heard by every note-taking detective on the edges of the crowd, talks hours and wages and the intimate details of working conditions underground.

With Hapgood and Arthur Garfield Hays, the New York attorney who turned the injunction weapons of the operators against them, I went down to Windber, the Berwind-White stronghold in Somerset County, to address a meeting held on the roof-shed of the Alleghenies on a piece of union property known as Scalp Level. The meeting was called for six o'clock in the evening. Long before that hour all the roads leading to Scalp Level were choked with miners and their families moving sedately along to the "doin's." From any high spot you could see the dust of them as they climbed toward the Level. We drove on a cinder road between drab rows of miners' shacks propped up on rock-dumps to the tipple of Number Forty, a big Berwind-White mine. Guards swinging short clubs by the thongs looked sourly at us, for the word of Hays's approach had been telephoned all through the county by the coal and iron police. Many of the houses we passed were empty.

"Evicted families," said Hapgood. "They're out in tents now, men, women, and children, sleeping under canvas in fields whose owners are friendly. Many of the farmers hereabouts are so in awe of the company that they will not let the evicted miners on their fields. As a matter of fact we are having a lot of trouble because of the small farmers. Any number of them have opened coal mines of their own, for all this country is coal bearing. Sometimes the farmer and his hired men work the mines. Sometimes he gets in real miners. And it is almost impossible to unionize all these small mines. Organizers simply haven't the time to do it."

The tipple of Number Forty gave evidence of the efficiency with which Windber organizers had worked. Sulphur smoke from the rock-dump hung over empty coal cars. The only human beings in sight were the guards. "They ain't got much to do, them hard boys," said an organizer. "It's sumpin' like over to Revloc in Cambria County. They say they got seventy-six guards there watchin' thirty-five men and it's costing them over $33 a ton to keep the place going."

A Ford passed us with a banner strung up across the back announcing "Meeting tonight. Six o'clock. Hays speaking." It was the time-honored method of advertising a union meeting. We turned and followed the Ford up the bumpy road to Scalp Level. All across a field of stubble were men and women sitting, lying out flat, or squatting on their knees, miner-fashion, waiting for the "doin's" to begin. The six-foot chairman of the meeting climbed on top of a table and told the meeting to come to order as he had an announcement to make. "The farmer in the next field where you fellers are" (pointing to a group under some apple trees on the outskirts of the crowd) "says that if you eat them apples you will get the bellyache, and besides you shouldn't do it 'cause he is a good feller. The meeting will now come to order and I will say for the benefit of the coal-companies' dicks who are such regular attendants at all our meetings that when I say 'order,' order is what I mean."

They hoisted Hays up on the table amid prolonged cheers and for more than an hour he explained to them with pointed anecdote and a running by-play of homely comment the meaning of civil liberties and the rights that a miner enjoys or should enjoy in America. They beat their big hands together when the New York lawyer, who had gained for mine workers the first injunction on behalf of labor ever to be issued in the State of Pennsylvania, told them that the real anarchists are coal company operators who drop persuasion for searchlights, revolvers, and blackjacks. They especially relished this tagging of the operators since some of the papers in nearby Johnstown have been printing the operators' propaganda about Reds, bombs, and the like.

That their contempt for the press is hearty and deep was shown by the cheers with which they greeted every sally of the speaker who followed Hays and read aloud with sarcastic comment a local newspaper article headed Vintondale Men Seem Happy and Contented. "What would they do if they weren't?" bellowed a striking check-weighman from the center of the crowd. "We know who owns that paper anyhow. The coal company has got a half interest in that dirty rag and we can get the truth out of our own paper." The reference was to the *Penn Central News*, the weekly organ of the miners, edited at Cresson, Pennsylvania. Just as they have learned to use the operators' weapons against them in the legal conflict, so too the miners have learned long-needed lessons in the value of publicity. Cresson has come to be recognized by the large press services as the center of strike news and Pittsburgh, Altoona, and Johnstown correspondents are on the 'phone every night asking for the latest from Cresson.

It was supper time when the speakers had finished and some one told Hays that the best place to eat was in the company hotel at Jerome, a few miles away. "But," they added, "they wouldn't serve you fellers there 'cause that's where they feed their hired hands."

"We'll see about that," said Hays, and the party proceeded to Jerome. On the front porch of the Jerome Hotel sat uniformed coal and iron police, company guards and employees, ostentatiously scrutinizing newspapers as Hays's party hove into sight. The lawyer dismounted from his automobile and walked up the front path. "I'm Arthur Hays from New York," said he, "and I have just spoken to a miners' meeting. Can I have dinner here or is this a private hotel?" The mouth of the astonished proprietor hung open. He went into a telephone booth and presently emerged with the announcement that Mr. Hays and his friends would be served.

It was a remarkable meal. In the midst of uniformed men sat the "outside agitator" and his friends cautiously eyeing an array of revolvers, billies, and blackjacks hung up on the wall. There were some ten or fifteen company employees in the room, and none of them ventured a word throughout the entire meal. Supper finished, Hays rejoined a group of miners stationed at the corner to see, as they

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phrased it, "that he wasn't carried out on a stretcher." They gazed on him as one returned from the dead. It seemed incredible to them that a man known to be sympathetic with the unions could eat in that hotel and emerge unscathed.

It is Hays's opinion, expressed at meetings throughout Somerset, that union men have not given the law sufficient trial. They have abandoned recourse to it, before abandonment became the last resort. As a result the operators have had things legal pretty nearly their own way. Time and again Hays told the miners that the injunction was a double-edged sword and his success in obtaining one against the Vinton Colliery Company seems to justify his contention. I have rarely seen men so chagrined as the coal and iron police of Vintondale when Hays presented them with copies of Judge McCann's injunction restraining the company from interfering with meetings on union property in Vintondale.

Three short weeks before these same police had ridden Hays down on the sidewalk of Vintondale, thrown him into a filthy cell, ordered him with oaths "to get the hell out of town." Now they themselves were under arrest for criminal assault, were restrained from interfering with the movements of organizers in Vintondale, and, worst of all, were forced to listen to the speeches of organizers urging the non-union workers of Vintondale to assert their freedom and join the United Mine Workers of America. A year ago Hapgood was thrown out of Vintondale on the suspicion that he was a union organizer.

Railway Realities

By GEORGE SOULE

MUCH has been said, in discussing the impending railway strike, about the fairness or unfairness of the new wages set. At first the dispatches carried the news that under the new scales the men who have been reduced would be better off than in 1917. When it became apparent that on account of rising cost of living and stationary wages the railway employees had been worse off in 1917 than ever before, that base was abandoned for 1915. But what assurance have we that 1915 is a fair starting-point? Statistics of average yearly earnings of railway employees, which began to be officially tabulated in 1895, show that their purchasing power rose slightly in the next two years, and then began a descending curve which has continued, with one or two interruptions, ever since. In 1915 they could buy 4 per cent less than twenty years earlier.

Why is it generally assumed that wage-earners have been fairly treated if their purchasing power, or real wages, remain approximately stationary? Does not "civilization," with its rapidly improving mechanical efficiency, "advance"? Does not that assure everyone a better living? So the traditional economists tell us. But cold statistics show that the railwaymen—and the manufacturing wage-earners, too, for that matter—have not shared in any increase in national production for thirty years. And newspaper editorials show that the ruling powers do not expect them to share in it. In this connection it is interesting to see that while the productive contribution of the railroads, measured in ton-miles, was over five times as large in 1920 as in 1890, the number of employees who did the work had not trebled. That means that while the average railwayman was taking no more out of the national income than he had thirty years before, he was putting twice as much into it. Let those who think they see justice in wage reductions ponder that fact for awhile.

Much also has been said about the adequacy of wages to maintain a family. Regardless of their course in the past, they are not now high enough, except among a few of the highly skilled crafts, to sustain a man, wife, and three children under fourteen at the level which according to the United States Department of Labor is essential to health and decency, omitting savings and culture. Some of the common laborers do not receive enough even for a couple. This fact, urged by the workers as basic, is waved aside by the apologists for the management as too academic to be given practical consideration. Are not workers in some unregulated and non-union private industries paid an even smaller pittance? Is not the labor market overcrowded? Why should the railroads be "penalized"—that is the word most frequently used—just because a governmental body happens to pass on the wages they must pay, when they could hire workers cheaper in the open market?

When such arguments are used for wage reductions, it is small wonder that the railwaymen do not see that justice and enlightened public policy have much to do with the matter. Apparently it is a case where those win who happen to be most fortunately situated in the struggle between buyer and seller. Very well then, say the unions, we will exercise our economic power by refusing to work on these terms. Whereupon the executives and government officials begin to lecture the men for striking against the government, for injuring the community. But what loyalty do workers owe to a society so organized that it cannot pay them a living wage? Surely not enough loyalty to force them to keep on working without making as effective a protest as they know how.

The ugly realities of the conflict between the interests of those who receive income from the ownership of private capital and of those who work for a living peep forth at every crevice of the elaborate façade of arguments that has been raised. Those in power in the United States wish to keep the railroads under the control of private capital. They cannot do this without offering reasonably efficient service at reasonably low rates. This again they cannot do without attracting sufficient capital for making necessary extensions and improvements. And in order to get that capital they must offer rates of interest and dividends large enough to compete with other profitable concerns. But they have already accumulated a heavy burden of fixed charges through years of financial manipulation and successive capitalizations. They have no objection to paying as high wages as they think they can afford, but, of course, the pay roll always offers a tempting chance to cut expenses.

Hence the struggle to maintain private ownership and operation of the railroads in the past two years has involved a constant aggression against the employees. When this aggression could be sanctioned by the Labor Board, as in wage reductions, abrogation of national agreements, revision of working rules in a thousand minor particulars, and abolition of punitive overtime after eight hours, the managements have promptly applied the decisions and appealed to the authority of the Board to avoid resistance. When the Board could not be induced to sanction their pro-

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gram, as in refusals to deal with legitimate unions, farming out shop work to non-union concerns, and new classifications of employees, they have flouted the Board and driven ahead. Industrial peace, industrial justice, the interests of the community, complex economic arguments about wages —these things really mean nothing to the managements. They are the protective ideology instinctively thrown out to conceal the basic conflict between private capital and labor.

The unions are well aware of their plight. Goaded by successive losses and constant retreat, their manhood calls for resistance. Unless the enemy can be stopped now, there is no telling how far he will go. The men feel that they have little more to lose. It is a situation where the exercise of power is called for. They must demonstrate that it will cost the railroads more to demand further sacrifices than the sacrifices would be worth. It is significant that the transportation Brotherhoods, who threatened a strike last year, and who could effectively interrupt transportation, have not been reduced again. It is significant that the telegraphers, who are necessary to railroad operation, have not been reduced. The resistance of these men would be too costly. The lesson is for the maintenance employees, the shopmen, and the clerks to show how costly their resistance can be made.

They cannot fight so well, of course, as they could if their more fortunate brothers would make common cause with them. But with the men in this frame of mind the strike may be much more effective than the public is led to suspect. A coal shortage is at hand. The season for the shipment of crops is approaching. The roads, after their spurt of economy, are caught with too little equipment and an unusually large percentage of "bad order" cars and locomotives. Every steam locomotive has to be "turned" at the end of a run—that is, it has to be gone over for defects and made ready for new service. Superintendents and foremen can perform this duty if they work hard enough, but it will involve a strain too difficult to be kept up for long. The margin of unemployed is constantly lessening in the metal trades and among the unskilled, and many of the key positions cannot be filled by strike-breakers without special training. While the strike probably will not actually interrupt transportation, it will visibly slow it down, and cause the railroads and shippers heavy loss.

In the Driftway

A DISPATCH from London reports that half the infants christened for several days after the running of the Derby bear the name of the victorious horse, while the fond parents of a bouncing baby boy have been so influenced by recent doings in the world that they have called their son Bolshevik Barton Michael Sinn Fein Sullivan. Now it may be all right to have one B. B. M. S. F. Sullivan in the world, but it would be a blessed nuisance if parents generally took to deserting the Bible and the family tree and to naming their offspring after current movements or events. For in that case the already too powerful press would become the source of inspiration and we would see the baneful influence of the headline carried into a new field. Innocent baby boys would be started on their careers as Tariff-Tangle-Grows-Worse Smith or Cost-of-Living-Rises Jones, while cooing ounces of young femininity would be propelled from the family hangar into a jibing world under the name of Pastor-Accused-of-Kissing-Fair-Sex Cohen or Flapper-Dances-in-Nightie Poporodovitch.

* * * * *

IT just wouldn't do. In fact the entire tendency to break away from the good old Biblical names like Bill and Ike and Flossie and Gwendolyn is much to be deplored. The Drifter finds it impossible to remember all the names that he ought to now. He wants no new ones. He would guard the young against the transports of fathers in that moment of high elation when the nurse says "It is a boy." He would protect society—and incidentally himself—against doting mothers who want to remember all their family in naming one child. Above all he would simplify and standardize the whole system.

* * * * *

FOR this purpose the Drifter expects shortly to have introduced into Congress a bill to establish a United States Commission on Proper Names. At the age of twenty-one any young man or woman may appear before this Commission and apply for a change of name, partial or complete. But he will not be allowed to choose a new one entirely at random. One of the duties of the Commission shall be to draw up a panel of names—front, back, and middle—with a standardized spelling and pronunciation. The Commission shall decide, for instance, that it shall be either "Nelly" or "Nellie"—not both—and no person electing the name of "White" shall be permitted to spell it "Whyte."

* * * * *

MOST of all the Drifter would like to see the Commission attack the problem of middle names, and attack it hard—in fact rout the pest altogether. Middle initials are worse. If the Drifter had his way he would "round up" (as the newspapers say) all the middle initials in the universe and have them shot at sunrise—or preferably the night before. The Drifter is always getting them wrong, and in turn has to suffer from the errors of others. He gets letters, for instance, addressed to William C. Drifter when in fact it is William D. Drifter. Or is it John D.? Fortunately he is so generally known as *the* Drifter that the rest doesn't matter. But if the Commission does not abolish middle initials it could at least standardize their usage. For instance, the initials from A to M might be assigned to blue-eyed persons and the rest of the alphabet to those with dark eyes. That would help a little. The chances of error in initials would then be only 12 to 1 instead of 25 to 1 as at present—that is, if you could remember the color of the person's eyes. Better still, certain initials might be arbitrarily assigned to certain first names. All Johns desiring a middle initial could be required to take A, all Peters to take B, and so on.

* * * * *

OF course, it might be well for the authority of the Commission to stretch back to baptism. That is, parents could be obliged to conform to the standardized lists and regulations at the outset. That would save some later changes. On the other hand, it would be hard to prevent nicknames. Parents could hardly be kept from calling their boys Junior or their girls Birdie—anyhow at home. And what use to name a lad Vincent Percival Jones if his schoolmates all call him "Red" or "Jonesy"? Reform is a good thing, but as it rarely works there is no use in carrying it too far.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Horatio Bottomley's Soul

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Regarding your paragraph about Horatio Bottomley, here is a little story which may interest your readers. Sir William Watson Rutherford, member of Parliament for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, told it to me to the effect that he was some fifteen years ago dining in the House of Commons together with several other members, one of whom was about to entertain at his residence Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, then Prime Minister. Mr. Rutherford at that time had in his cellars a few cases of a very rare brand of champagne, of which his friend begged him to let him have a case for the entertainment of Campbell-Bannerman. At the next table, in his usual splendid isolation, Horatio Bottomley was dining. Listening to the long argument, which resulted in Rutherford promising the coveted champagne, Bottomley called a waiter and wrote on the back of a menu card the following words: "Why let that fool have your splendid champagne, when I would give my soul for it?" He sent this card to Rutherford, who wrote underneath the words "Your soul is not worth it" and sent it back to Bottomley. Of course, during the following week *John Bull* published a vindictive attack against Rutherford.

New York, June 9 A. C. H.

The English in England

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with great interest Mr. Sotheran's letter on The English in India in your issue of June 14. Mr. Sotheran seems to be a fine gentleman, typical of the "well-meaning Englishman." But he is suffering from a great drawback, peculiar to the English in England, who have to depend on pigmy politicians and party organs for information. Which explains his lack of appreciation of your point of view. Nor can I fully share your viewpoint.

In spite of Lord Curzon's imperialistic boast "We have won India by the sword and we shall maintain it by the sword," neither of the statements is true. India was won not by the sword but by fraud, treachery, and diplomacy coupled with keen political insight. Neither is India being maintained by the sword but by the cooperation of the emasculated Indians. Hence the necessity for non-cooperation. The war let loose the suppressed forces and emotions of men and created a yearning for freedom and liberty in India as elsewhere. The Rowlatt Acts and the Amritsar Massacre of 1919, coupled with the Treaty of Sèvres (1920), brought about the present situation.

I will not deny, though most Indians will, that the spread of the English language and Western education resulted "in the bursting of the Indian mind to life." But this new awakening was not because of the benevolent East India Company but in spite of it. From the beginning English-teaching institutions in India have been set up merely as clerk-manufacturing factories. The by-product has been a race of Naorojis, Gokhales, Tilaks, and Gandhis. Naturally, these intruders, these uncalled-for visitors are agitators!

Mr. Sotheran seems to glory in what are known as the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909 and the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms of 1919. Let me state for his edification that the Morley Reforms set up councils which were "nothing better than grand debating societies." As for the Montagu Reform scheme, it makes a show of giving with one hand and immediately withdraws it with the other.

"It is not the sword that governs India." The seeing Indian must feel ashamed that it is the cooperation of his people that makes him a dependent. The Indian Civil Service with all its faults and failings has done good work. But be it known that the Indian civil servants are neither Indian nor civil nor servants: they are British military autocrats. Non-cooperation has dug the grave of the so-called Indian Civil Service.

The Englishman in England, allowing for the defects of his political system, is a lovable Johnny, but the Englishman in India is a bloodthirsty Tommy. This is neither cant nor self-delusion: let the English in England know it.

Wilmington, Delaware, June 12 HARIDAS MUZUMDAR

P. S. In fairness I must add that the American rule in Haiti and Santo Domingo was established by force and is maintained by force. As one who feels a certain interest in the destiny of America—now that I am in the process of "Americanization"—I want to protest against the iniquity of our Government. H. M.

The Railway Unions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for June 21 there is a statement that I am sure you will be glad to correct, inasmuch as the rumor reported is wholly without foundation. I took the matter up with Chief Stone this morning, and he told me there was no truth whatever in the rumor that there had been any tacit understanding with the Labor Board or with anyone else that the wages of the Big Four Brotherhoods would not be reduced until after the other railway unions had been deflated. The only agreement made with the Board was shared in common by all of the railway organizations at the time of the threatened strike last October, namely, that wages would not be reduced until working rules had been first considered. The Shop Crafts and Maintenance of Way Employees had their cases decided first because they were previously before the Board, and the cases are handled in order of docketing without favor.

There is one other inaccuracy in the editorial in question. The wages of all railroad workers outside of the Big Four will not be cut by July 1. The telegraphers, for instance, have had no wage reductions and evidently will not have for several months to come, until the matter of their working rules is definitely adjusted.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the other Engine and Train Service Brotherhoods are exactly on the same basis as the Telegraphers and other unions. The Board already has petitions from the railroads for hearings on changing our working rules. These hearings are liable to be set at any time. We have not yet been advised of the date. Obviously, a change in working rules especially as regards overtime can affect wages directly as any wage decision yet made by the Board.

I am all the more eager to have the impression of the editorial corrected because I am personally striving to bring about a greater solidarity between the more privileged members of the railway labor group and the less fortunate. If you were to ask President Grable of the Maintenance of Way Employees who his best friend in the labor field is, I know that he would tell you "Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

Cleveland, Ohio, June 21 ALBERT F. COYLE,
Acting Editor and Publicity Manager *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Journal*

[We are glad to give space to this authoritative statement. In reporting a rumor that flourished here in New York we did not mean to single out the men of the Big Four Brotherhoods as solely or peculiarly responsible for the lack of unity among the railroad workers. They are not. It remains true, however, that the relatively better position of the railroad workers who belong to the Big Four is due less to any abstract justice than to the power of those bodies. And it is also true that sooner or later the railroad men will find that a solution of their own problem requires an organic union or at least a strong federation of their craft organizations into one body representative of all the employees.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Six Sonnets

Negro Laborer

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Brown man, your falling back recalls the curves
Of waves that swiftly drop on cliffs of rock,
Careless magnificence that greets the shock
With strands of foam that rise like writhing nerves.
But when the sack is raised upon your back
The image changes to a dwarf-like role
Whose small contortion overawes your soul
And makes a stupid slave of your attack.
Brown man, your lowered back strove to create
And held a fluid question in its lines:
Naively splendid looseness and desire.
But when your back received its menial fate
And rose beneath another man's designs
Something within you changed to sweat and mire.

Loneliness

By ANN HAMILTON

Loneliness is my spirit's oldest master,
He cannot keep me far beyond his call,
His word is my delight and my disaster,
He is my faithful and protecting wall;
I never see him, yet I know his sign—
His step was in the motion of the seas,
His hair was tangled in a trodden vine;
Outside my garden window through the trees
His breath blew gusty poems; and his spell
Was benediction on a madman's head;
His eyes were in the moonlight when a bell
Rang silence through a city of the dead;
And now, the sign—can he be strong as this—
To make me feel his beauty in your kiss?

The Enduring

By BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

Now in an hour the meadows bright with gold,
The hills cloud-patterned where far shadows pass,
The pool translucent green, and cool as glass,
Are lost eternally. For hours grow old;
And hot noon wastes to twilight, full of cold;
And the late river chills to opaque brass
In a low sun; and mists rise, mass on mass,
To quench the empowered light one day may hold.
But ever less forgotten than these things,
Less transient than their strength, your words, that lend
To faint futurity a confidence—
A power strong beyond all reckonings;
Time will destroy their glory in the end,
Yet cannot break their timeless influence.

Love Hath No Physic

By ROBERT NATHAN

Love hath no physic for a grief too deep,
But like the adder that with poisoned breath
Bites its own wound and stings itself to sleep,
So with its hurt love wounds itself to death.
That slender serpent, mottled as the pest,
Is its own merciful and bitter friend;
Hast thou a grief? Go clasp it to thy breast;
Hast thou a poison? Drain it to the end.
Cry then, cry all thy heart out with its pain;
Hearts grow again, and eyes have better sight
After too many tears, as summer rain
Washes the air, and leaves it sweet and bright;
And birds step out on trees, whose happy song
Is often stilled, but never stilled for long.

Post Cineres Gloria Venit

By BEN RAY REDMAN

Thick waves of dulness ooze across the room,
And clog in little eddies here and there—
Much talk of books and art, Brancusi, *Broom*—
A charming intellectual affair.
Clotted in groups around the central founts
Of fluent platitude, with heads tense bowed
Inward to catch the magic spray, the crowd
Shifts feet, the while the verbal geyser mounts.
From knot to knot a pink-cheeked Boswell flits,
Posterity's reporter, walking ears:
At eighty he'll lament the vanished wits;
Say conversation as an art, he fears,
Is dead; and then, with senile gusto, write
Down treasured flashes from this distant night.

Unregenerate

By JACQUELINE EMBRY

I shall come back in ways I think you'll know:
A cocky, strutting robin where you pass,
Perhaps a flake of sudden, stinging snow,
A cricket mocking at you from the grass;
A gusty little wind will whirl your hat
(And laugh to watch your funny, pompous wrath).
I'll be an April rain and drench it flat,
Then stand, a prickly hedge, straight in your path.
I shall not come a sentimental thing:
A star, a cloud, a Wordsworth daffodil;
A woodpecker, red-topped, will light and bring
Her maddening racket to your window-sill
At five A. M. And when you've waked and heard,
She'll *love* to hear you mutter: "Damn that bird!"

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The Roving Critic

A Fourth Dimension in Criticism

CRITICISM ordinarily asks about literature one of three questions: "Is it good?" "Is it true?" "Is it beautiful?" Each of these questions, of course, permits the widest range in the critic. He may be so simple as to think a given work is not "good" when it fails to emphasize some truism or when it violates the sort of poetic justice which children in the nursery are mistaught to expect; he may be so complex as to demand from literature the subtlest casuistries concerning moral problems; he may be so perverse as to wince at the first symptom of any plain contrast between good and evil. If it be the "true" which exercises him, he may sink so low as to be worried over this or that surface error in his author—such as an anachronism or a blunder in botany or mechanics; he may rise so high as to discuss on an equal plane with a great authority the difficult questions what the nature of truth may be or whether there is after all any such thing as truth. Or, holding beauty uppermost in his mind, he may at the one extreme peck at a masterpiece because it departs from some traditional form or at the other extreme may view it under the light of an eternity of beauty and feel satisfied if he can perceive and identify the masterpiece's peculiar reflection. Yet wide as these ranges are, they can all be reduced to the three questions and they mark what may be called the three dimensions of criticism.

There is, however, a fourth dimension—to continue the analogy—which comes into the account when a critic asks about literature: "Is it alive?" In a sense this query includes all the others and in a sense it transcends them. Odysseus is not good: he is adulterous and crafty; Faust is not good: he sells his soul for the sake of forbidden power; Gargantua is not good: he buffets and tumbles the decencies in all directions; Henry V is not good: he wastes his youth and wages unjust war; Huckleberry Finn is not good: he is a thief and a liar. The heroes, the demigods, the gods themselves occasionally step aside from the paths into which men counsel one another; there are at least as many great stories about gorgeous courtesans as about faithful wives. It is not the "goodness" of all such literature but the vividness that gives it its perennial impact. Better a lively rogue than a deadly saint.

To a different extent the same thing appears when truthfulness is concerned. There is a vitality which lies back both of naturalism and of romance and which communicates itself through books as dissimilar, say, as "Madame Bovary" and "The Faerie Queene"—one of them the most fastidious document and one of them the most spacious dream. The gods of Homer are not real; the history of Virgil will not bear scrutiny; Dante wanders in a maze of superstitions; Shakespeare lets his plots take him almost where they like; the machinery of a folk-tale is good enough for Goethe, as it was for the author of the Book of Job. How many cosmogonies, Bernard Shaw points out, have gone to the dust heap in spite of an accuracy superior to that which keeps Genesis alive through cynical centuries! The looser Molière is in the long run no less convincing than the tighter Ibsen. Swift and Voltaire and Lucian, twitting their worlds for their follies, dare every extravagance of invention without serious penalty. Ariosto with his whimsical paladins and Scott with his stately aristocrats and Dickens with his hearty democratic caricatures and Dostoevsky with his tortured souls—to find a common denominator of truth among them is so hard that the critics who attempt it are likely to end in partisanship for this or that one and to assign the others to a station outside the approved class. Yet an author may be killed a dozen times with the charge of untruthfulness and still live.

And concerning beauty the disagreement of the doctors is unending and unendable. Whitman is now called beautiful and now called ugly; so are Browning, and Hugo, and Tolstoi, and Nietzsche, and Lope de Vega, and Leopardi, and Catullus, and Aristophanes. Moreover, by any aesthetic standard which the judgment can arrive at, any one of these authors is sometimes beautiful and sometimes not. Nor does it finally matter, as it did not finally matter that Socrates had a thick body and a pug-face. The case of Socrates illustrates the whole argument. Was he good? There was so great a difference on this point among the critics of his time that the majority of them, translating their conclusion into action, put him to death as dangerous to the state. Was what he taught the truth? It is of course not easy to disentangle the actual Socrates from the more or less polemic versions of him which Xenophon and Plato furnish, but it seems clear that he had his share of unscientific notions and individual prejudices and mistaken doctrines. Was he beautiful? He confused Greek orthodoxy by being so uncomely and yet so great. But whatever his shortcomings in these regards, no one ever doubted that he was alive—alive in body and mind and character, alive in war and peace and friendship and controversy, alive in bed or at table. Life was concentrated in him; life spoke out of him.

So with literature, which collects, transmutes, and utters life. It may represent the good, may speak the truth, may use the modes of beauty—any one or all of these things. Call the good the bow which lends the power; call the truth the string which fixes the direction; call the beautiful the arrow which wings and stings. But there is still the arm in which the true life of the process lies. Or, to change the figure, one of those gods who in the mythologies model men out of clay may have good clay and a true purpose and may shape his figure beautifully; but there is still the indispensable task of breathing the breath of life into it before it will wake and go its own course and continue its breed to other generations. Life is obviously what makes the difference between human sculpture and divine creation; it is the same element which makes the difference between good literature and dead literature.

The critic who is aware of this fourth dimension of the art he studies saves himself the effort which critics less aware contrive to squander in trying to explain their art in terms merely of the three dimensions. He knows that life began before there were such things as good and evil; that it surges through both of them; that it will probably outlast any particular conception of either one or the other: he knows that it is not the moral of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which makes it moving but the life which was breathed into it by a fiery passion. He knows that the amount of truth in poetry need not always be great and often indeed is much exaggerated; that a ruthless hand can find heaps of theological slag in Milton and corners full of metaphysical cobwebs in Plato and glittering excrescences of platitude in Shakespeare: he knows that these poets now live most in those parts of their work in the creating of which they were most alive. He knows that a powerful imagination may beget life even upon ugliness: he knows it because he has felt the vibrations of reality in Browning's cranky grotesques and in Whitman's long-drawn categories and Rabelais's great dung-cart piled high with every variety of insolence and wisdom. Not goodness alone nor truth alone nor beauty alone nor all of them in one of their rare fusions can be said to make great literature, though these are the tools of that hard trade. Great literature may be known by the sign that it communicates the sense of the vividness of life. And it communicates it because its creators were alive with it at the moment of creation.

There are many kinds of literature because there are many kinds of life. Pope felt one kind and Wordsworth another and Poe another—and so on and on. There are no universal poets, not even Homer and Shakespeare. Nor, of course, are there any universal critics, not even Lessing and Sainte-Beuve. Neither creator nor critic can make himself universal by barely taking thought about it; he *is* what he *lives*. The measure of the creator is the amount of life he puts into his work. The measure of the critic is the amount of life he finds there.

CARL VAN DOREN

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Books

The Case of Frank Harris

Elder Conklin and other Western Stories. $1.50.—*Montes the Matador.* $2.50.—*Daughters of Eve.* 25 cents.—*The Bomb.* $2.50.—*The Man Shakespeare.* $3.50.—*Contemporary Portraits.* Second Series, $3.50; Third Series, $2.50.—*Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions.* 2 vols. $5. By Frank Harris. New York: The Author.

NOW at sixty-eight a ferocious vigor still marks Frank Harris's conversation and stamps his face and bearing with an air which makes it easy enough to understand why Bernard Shaw called him with loving frankness a "ruffian." He looks for all the world like some soldier of fortune in one of the "Irish novels" of a few generations back, and altogether there is about him a truculence which one does not ordinarily associate with the literary life. Yet when he told me once that though he had made practically nothing from his books he still cared passionately for nothing except literature and the human spirit, I believed him and in the large I believe him still, though no poetic dreaming ever puzzled his will. Something of the same fierce determination which took such typically American heroes as Andrew Carnegie or James J. Hill along a different road drove Mr. Harris, an Irish-American submerged on a Western ranch, until he was swapping opinions on a basis of equality with the great in England and editing one of the most conservative of British journals. No doubt young Englishmen of literary ambitions and the correct public-school tradition blinked at him with the same troubled incomprehension which Theodore Roosevelt awakened in the minds of sedate diplomatists, but both men were there, partly at least, by virtue of the same American "push." Harris was a rough rider up Parnassus, and if he has now fallen back he was once near victory.

Love, forgiveness, and pity are his themes, Jesus and the "gentle Shakespeare" his idols, but truculence is his manner. Said H. G. Wells to him apropos one of his stories: "You are about the most dominant and imperious personality I've ever seen; but in this book one finds a modest, patient, and peculiarly fair-minded person, who wishes first and last to present everyone impartially and find some soul of goodness in an outcast even." And Shaw found in this paradox of personality a support for his theory of a passionate Jesus. "You are yourself," he wrote, "so in love with the Sermon on the Mount, and with all aspects of gentleness and pity that people who have never met you possibly imagine you as a Christ-like, dove-eyed figure. But has anyone who has met you personally ever described you as 'Gentle Francis, meek and mild?' . . . Your buccaneering manners and occasionally frightful language is a familiar natural phenomenon."

Nor is this truculence a mere literary convention or method of self-advertisement. As many who have risen to fame and fortune through the practice of the art of shocking the public know, there is a right time to say the wrong thing. Of this prudential judgment Harris has none, and the wrong thing at the wrong time has been his motto both in private conversation and public works. His ruffianism is not, as Shaw called his own, merely nor'-nor'-west nor is there a method in it; to list his indiscretions would be almost to enumerate his works. When most of the literary world was cautiously averting its face he published his intimate and extended account of his personal relations with Oscar Wilde; and when the majority of intellectual "leaders" were hastening to the sound of martial music to fall into step with the crowd he published his "England or Germany" which began: "For Christian nations waging war with one another to talk of morality is mere hypocrisy." In 1911 the London *Spectator* devoted many of its staid columns to an attempt to induce a general boycott of the *English Review*, which had been so indiscreet as to publish some of Harris's work. Professor Herford called "The Man Shakespeare" a disgrace to British scholarship. And so it goes. Shaw is sometimes sneered at, Wells denounced, and Wilde pushed aside with disgust; but few writers of recent times have awakened more rancorous hatred of the kind that kills than has Harris.

No doubt this public and private truculence is enough to explain Harris's disappearance from the great world of journalism. "One could not ask you," said Shaw on another occasion, "to meet Mrs. Humphry Ward"—and "you cannot have a career in London as a journalist and politician unless you can be trusted to take Mrs. Humphry Ward down to dinner." But though the disapproval of the various Mrs. Wards may explain the wreck of Mr. Harris's public career, it does not explain the failure of his purely literary talents to impress the public. Mrs. Ward would have found Poe trying at times, but his works survive while those of Frank Harris threaten to be submerged along with his fortunes. Why is it that the man who wrote what Arnold Bennett called the best short story in English and to whom Meredith gave almost equal praise should be reduced not only to editing a struggling magazine but also to publishing this "best story" as well as his other works in graceless privately printed editions? Perhaps there is something in the very character of his literary excellence which has helped to work against him.

Certainly his stories have disturbing elements. Though many belong superficially to the American school of local color their deepest loyalty is elsewhere. They never rest content with that safe fidelity to external regional peculiarities which was the stock in trade of the local colorists and which made realism painless. Instead they reveal with equal fidelity and even greater skill the inward man, and hence, unlike the rank and file of local-color fiction, they awaken in the breast of the timid that half-defined feeling of alarm which penetrating writers always produce because they seem perpetually on the point of letting out of the bag the very cat which the majority of readers would prefer to have kept in confinement. There is scarcely one of Mr. Harris's stories which does not contain some of that authentic observation which distinguishes the genuine analyist of character from the builder of tales, but they are too calmly detached and too evidently disregardful of everything except truth to be otherwise than disturbing, not because they are "shockers," which they are not, or because they partake in the slightest degree of the noisily daring, but simply because an obvious disregard of anything except truth is always disturbing.

Moreover, Mr. Harris's is an alien technique. "Montes," for example—the story which won Mr. Bennett's superlative praise—is far more French than English, with its spare narrative method and its bitter ending. Like nearly all of these stories, whatever their setting, it belongs to a school never completely naturalized here—to the school, that is, of Flaubert, Mérimée, and Maupassant. There is apparently something in the Anglo-Saxon temperament which makes it uncomfortable in the presence of this sort of art. It is not, perhaps, so much that we perpetually demand a happy ending or a factitious optimism as that we do demand a more intimate manner and a more obvious glow of feeling. We demand that the author shall show where he stands and that he shall at least soliloquize upon "the pity of it Iago, the pity of it," whereas that is, of course, exactly the thing which the school of Maupassant refuses to do, since it regards any intrusion of the author's personality as an impertinence. Hence this school seems to the Anglo-Saxon cruel and heartless. To this day there are relatively few American or English readers who do not regard Maupassant as a sort of monster, and fail to see that he wrote his most terrible stories with a heart so full of pity and despair that he could not trust himself to comment and that he set them forth in all their nakedness because in no other way could they be so pitiful and so terrible. Mr. Harris's world is less cruel than the world of the French master, but he sets it forth with something of the same calm candor.

It would have required more than two or three volumes to

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force upon a public wrapped in admiration of G. W. Cable and James Lane Allen so alien a spirit and technique, but Mr. Harris's writings have been disastrously varied and he has never done any one thing long enough to force it upon an unwilling public. Pitiless short stories, a vivid novel of the Chicago anarchists, an unconventional book about Shakespeare, a startling biography of Oscar Wilde, a radical political pamphlet —these have left upon the general reader no unified impression save that of discomfort and a sense of contact with forbidden things. Harris has turned impatiently from one thing to another and instead of finishing one battle with the public has always preferred to start a new one. Perhaps, indeed, he has been a little short on patience—a better fighter than waiter. He was not one to retire into himself and batter upon the door of indifference with persistence. He loved literature but he almost as ardently loved its accessories—the clatter of cafe conversation and the excitement of literary life "in the swim." With his genius for conversation and personal contacts he devoted less and less time to his own work and more and more to that of others, so that he has ended by knowing everybody and being himself almost unknown. The result is the loss of what might have been a very impressive body of veracious fiction and the gain of a series of intimate portraits of remarkable vividness.

On more than one occasion he has expressed his contempt for that sort of criticism which is merely the analysis of an author's work. He has chosen for his portraits, he says, only those whom he has known, and it is an amazing gallery which he presents, covering as it does the generations from Thomas Huxley to Gaudier-Brzeska. There are those who have accused him of a slightly imaginative handling of some of his experiences, and this he has, in some small measure, admitted; but I know of none of the many contemporaries whom he has treated who has called him in question. There the three volumes of "Contemporary Portraits" stand, pretty nearly unrivaled as a record of one man's personal contacts and full of vivid glimpses of the off-stage character of the great, set down by a man who is himself passionately alive. No form of criticism could be less academic or perfunctory and none more throbbing with the passion which makes literature but which all too seldom gets into criticism. At their best, as in the George Moore and the Bernard Shaw, they are unforgettable, and the biography of Wilde—really only an extended portrait—is surely not only the best account of its subject but one of the most vivid accounts of a personal intimacy in our language. There is no space here to discuss the rightness or wrongness of his book about Shakespeare, but there is time to say, not that it is a "disgrace to British scholarship," but that, as William James said, at least "this is the way to write about Shakespeare."

True as it is that Harris has known too many men not to have lost himself somewhat in their glory, yet when all possible excuses for the public have been made and less than justice done him by an overemphasis upon that side of his character which has made him love the limelight too much for his own good, the world cannot be held guiltless. He has given a series of portraits which no one interested in modern literature can afford to neglect, and he has written at least four or five stories like A Modern Idyll which should put his name many steps above those of half a dozen men whose names are moldering in textbooks. By actual accomplishment he is a real figure in contemporary literature and has earned a far greater forbearance than any of his faults have need of. If he has not accomplished as much as he might have done, he has kept up to his old age a more persistent fight than ninety-nine out of a hundred could have maintained, and he is one more victim, not only of a public careless in its neglect of talent, but also of those critics who, instead of hunting out and insisting upon excellence wherever it is found, as it is their duty to do, prefer to rest quietly in the comfortable but disastrous belief that truth crushed to earth will rise again and that genius thrives on neglect.

J. W. Krutch

How We Act

Human Nature and Conduct: An Introduction to Social Psychology. By John Dewey. Henry Holt and Company. $2.25.

"GOD forbid," says Francis Bacon, "that we should give out a dream of the imagination for a pattern of the world." The progress of modern science has resulted largely from the regulation of two things: the method of investigation and the mind of the investigator. It was only when men came to lay aside their preconceptions and their prejudices and only when they substituted the experimental method for the a priori method of the scholastics that there came to be anything like a science of nature. It was Francis Bacon who by developing the significance of the "free" mind and of the "experimental" method became the exponent of the modern spirit.

John Dewey is the Francis Bacon of the moral and social sciences. Men understand themselves less than they do the world they live in. What they know about physical nature far surpasses what they know about human nature. That the moral and social sciences lag so far behind the physical sciences is due not so much to a tardy recognition that man is the proper study of man as to the fact that man has not been properly studied.

In the first place, theories about human nature have been mostly "dreams of the imagination." Preconceptions and class interests have almost entirely distorted attempts at scientific knowledge. All the views of man from total depravity to infinite perfectibility, from the solitary egoist depicted by Hobbes to the noble savage idealized by Rousseau have been colored by compensatory motives. Indeed it seems hardly too much to say that what goes by the name of the social "sciences" is little more than a body of organized prejudices and generalized delusions. In the second place, the traditional and present-day interpretation of human nature has in many respects not gone beyond the method of explanation typified by medieval science. To say, for example, that war is to be explained by the instinct of pugnacity is like saying that opium puts one to sleep because of its dormitive powers. The method of investigation which has proved so productive and fruitful in the physical sciences has hardly been applied at all to the social sciences.

Herein is to be found the chief reason why human nature has not been properly studied. A prejudice about himself has kept man from examining himself by the same method employed by the scientist in the examination of physical nature. Man has been unwilling to consider himself as a part of nature. By cutting human nature off from its natural objective conditions a dualism has been set up between the outer world of physical environment and the inner world of human conduct. Now dualisms are the pet aversions of Mr. Dewey. Both human nature and human society, he tells us, are continuous with the physical environment. The energies and forces which animate man differ in organization but do not differ in kind from the forces and energies discovered and described by science.

Human nature and physical nature are continuous, and if we look for the point of contact between them it is found in habit. Mr. Dewey's treatment of habit is the characteristic feature of his analysis of human nature. His views regarding the primacy of habit and its social significance are in marked contrast to modern interpretation. Theories about human nature have usually split over the question whether man is primarily a creature of instinct or of reason. That man is a "rational" animal is a piece of information we have on the authority of Aristotle. It has been the reigning conception of modern times stretching from Milton's appeal to "the dignity of reason" to the "enlightened self-interest" of the present-day utilitarians. But with the beginning of the present century there came about a general distrust of reason. Man, it was thought, was more animal than rational. His acts were to be explained more as the promptings of impulse than as examples of reason. Everywhere the tendency was to deify the primitive. I grope, therefore I am, was

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taken as a profounder revelation of selfhood than the Cartesian deduction of personality from the nature of thought.

It is the outstanding feature of Mr. Dewey's book that in neither instinct nor in intelligence is to be found the basal fact of social significance. In understanding what men do and why they do as they do, it is to habit that we must turn.

Mr. Dewey has unusual ability to seize the significance of the obvious. That we are born babies and begin our careers as infants entirely dependent on our elders for instruction is a generalization which may not be profound but which is certainly important. It is the key to social psychology. The problem of social psychology is not to explain how our socialized ways of acting are instincts writ large, but how existing institutions and customs fashion and shape the individual. What we have to explain is not how individuals develop their folkways and their group manners but how already existing social habits influence and develop character. How individuals are made is a more important question than how societies are formed.

And Mr. Dewey is anxious that individuals be properly made as well as properly studied. With an interest in analysis he combines an interest in reform. Theory and practice interpenetrate. Along with the speculative interest in describing human nature there goes a moral interest, at once serious and practical, in improving the morals of men. Mr. Dewey is a scholar and a Puritan.

One finds, accordingly, a discussion of topics like the alterability of human nature and its implications for social improvement, the psychology of thinking and the obligation to be intelligent, the idea of progress and the ways and means of its attainment, an analysis of freedom and its application to democracy, a description of social forces and how they may be directed and controlled.

It should be added that the book is a popular presentation in altogether non-technical language. It should, therefore, be easily intelligible to the general reader. Mr. Dewey is undoubtedly the most competent writer on social philosophy in America, and any one who is seriously interested in understanding human nature and in improving human society will find in his latest book a vast store of information for instruction and guidance.

M. T. McClure

Vicisti, Loyola!

The Jesuits: 1534-1921. By Thomas J. Campbell. The Encyclopaedia Press. $8.50.

VICISTI, LOYOLA! Having saved the church, you have subjugated it. Your Company of Jesus, recruited in the nick of time to stem the rising tide of Protestantism, to carry the cross to heathen lands from the rising to the setting sun, and to denature the dangerous spirit of the Renaissance, became the praetorian guard of the Roman monarch, his maker and his master, and through him the ruler of the church. For nearly four hundred years the history of Catholicism has been the story of the struggle of the Jesuits against the more liberal and finer elements in the church, a struggle in which, in spite of one disastrous defeat, the Jesuits have won. Hard was the road by which they obtained a firm footing in the nations of Western Europe; hard but victorious their battle with Jansenism, that hopeful Catholic Reformation. Was it not the Jesuits, both at Trent and at the Vatican, who won the victory for the dogmas of free will, of the immaculate conception, and of papal infallibility? Assuredly it was.

Providentially raised up, according to the bull of canonization, was St. Ignatius to combat "that foulest of monsters, Martin Luther." They were foemen not unworthy of each other. Almost at the same time, the one in April, the other in May, 1521, each went through his baptism of fire, the one at Worms, the other at Pampaluna. A brave man that, lying on his bed of pain, with his leg shattered by a cannon-ball, who, in order to restore it sound, suffered the badly knit bone to be broken, the protruding portion to be sawed off, and the limb stretched in racks, and through it all uttered no groan but only, as he boasts in his autobiography, clenched his fists. Strengthened with visions of the Trinity, of the Real Presence, and of Satan, and endowed with an unconquerable will, driven from Spain by the Inquisition, and from Paris, perhaps, by the scourge, he succeeded in the end, and founded the order which is the incarnation of ecclesiastical militarism, animated with the courage and disciplined by the obedience of the soldier.

As soon as incorporated by Paul III, in the bull beginning with the words, "For the rule of the militant church," the Company of Jesus developed with an unequaled rapidity. In a few years Jesuits were everywhere, preaching to naked savages and creating art for the most cultivated peoples of the world, refuting heretics and training boys in the humanities, writing epigrams and volumes of Latin verse, editing inscriptions and measuring the altitudes of the stars. Their emissaries were persecuting in Austria and persecuted in England and Japan; their missionaries were the confidants of kings and the servants of the poor. Great was their success, and well merited by their devotion, their discipline, and their efficiency.

But their very efficiency soon became, as, pursued for its own sake efficiency must always become, soulless. Their anxiety to achieve results led to woeful compromises with the world. Ambition, untruth, worldliness made them hated and finally suppressed, only to be revived later in a chastened form. At present, according to Father Campbell, there are about 17,000 Jesuits in the world; and they have in the United States about 16,000 pupils in their schools. At present they find their chief work in education and in the pursuit of learning, and they boast of some distinguished names in science, in scholarship, and in history.

It is a pity that there is no book in English like Boehmer's in German and in Monod's French translation, that is at once authoritative, impartial, and well written. The works of McCabe and Hoensbroech are both valuable, but are both slightly marred by hatred of the order to which both authors once belonged.

Father Campbell's book will supply a needed place as a corrective to theirs, but it cannot be regarded as thoroughly satisfactory. With a disarming superficial candor, it is, nevertheless, deeply biased. It makes no attempt to be fair to anyone outside the Catholic church, nor does it really expose or set forth any of the important weaknesses of the order or the serious charges against them. Many silly things have been said about the Jesuits by their enemies, and Father Campbell delights to take the worst of these as typical of the whole case against the order. He devotes some lines to showing that the famous "perinde ac cadaver" was not borrowed by Loyola from a Mohammedan, and more to proving that the Jesuits were not cannibals, a charge which he absurdly fathers on Kingsley, who once made a joke about it. His defense of casuistry and of Jesuit moral theology is thoroughly unreliable in its statement of the facts.

Busembaum is praised to the skies, but there is not a hint that in Busembaum we find the dangerous principle "that when the end is lawful the means are lawful" ("Medulla theologiae moralis," Cologne, 1712, p. 404). Garnet and Blackwell are mentioned in the chapter on the English mission, but nothing is said of their defense of equivocation. Still less is it admitted that in the modern Jesuit works of Gury and Lehmkuhl we can learn how the bankrupt, without sinning mortally, may defraud his creditor of his mortgaged goods, how the servant may be excused for pilfering from his master, how a rich man may pardonably deceive the tax-collector, and how the frail beauty who has violated her marriage vow may rightfully deny her guilt to her husband, even on oath.[1] Doubtless there are exaggerations in some of the denunciations of Jesuitical casuistry and probabilism, but they are founded on very substantial and very damaging facts.

Preserved Smith

[1] J. P. Gury, S.J.: "Casus conscientiae," 1891, i, 182 f, 324 f, ii, 8 f.

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Books in Brief

The Simple Gospel. By H. O. Brewster. Macmillan. $1.50.
A discussion of what the Sermon on the Mount might mean in our day. Without being particularly brilliant or profound, the book deserves a reading for its quiet, simple, straightforward grasp on the incompatibility of Jesus's teaching with the basic principles and practices of our society. Mr. Brewster's book gains in interest when one knows what he does not tell the reader: that he was rector of a church in Bisbee, Arizona, and found his "usefulness ended" because he protested against the Bisbee deportations.

In a Russian Village. By Charles Roden Buxton. London: Labour Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.
Intelligent and convincing observations at first hand by the Secretary of the British Labor Delegation who spent a part of the summer of 1920 in the village of Ozero, Government of Samara, studying the ordinary life of the peasants in a remote community.

The College Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Abridged from the "New Standard Dictionary" by Frank H. Vizetelly. Funk and Wagnalls. $5.
Being the most copious of the "abridged" dictionaries, this is the most useful. It contains over 140,000 words and phrases, including slang, new coinages, proper names, all conveniently arranged in one alphabet, with an appendix of words and phrases from foreign languages, and 2,500 illustrations in the text. The treatment of proper names is on the whole perhaps the least satisfactory phase of the work. To take examples from the single department of American literature, why should the creator of Pollyanna be included and not that of Mr. Dooley? Why Winston Churchill and not Booth Tarkington? Why Ida M. Tarbell and not Edward Bok? Why should George Ade and Henry Adams not be included at all? The principle of inclusion has naturally been quantitative not qualitative, but such slips as these are curious even on that principle.

Sergeant York and His People. By Sam K. Cowan. Funk and Wagnalls. $2.
The man whom Foch called the most conspicuous private soldier of the World War is here celebrated in what must be one of the two or three most sentimental books called forth by the war.

Terribly Intimate Portraits. By Noel Coward. Boni and Liveright. $2.
Herein a very handsome young man, to judge by his photograph, works very hard, to judge by his book, at contemporary parody and historical burlesque. He spoofs sophomorically.

Der Pastor von Pogsee. Roman von Gustav Frenssen. Berlin: G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.
Frenssen's new book will probably not add anything distinctive to his reputation. There is more of the "Jörn Uhl" autobiography and more of the "Hilligenlei" theology; a good deal more of the astonishingly true and vivid pictures of Schleswig-Holstein country life which a generation ago made millions of Germans and thousands of foreigners sit up and take notice of the obscure village pastor. But since his last book a great deal of water, and blood, has run by. Pastor Adam Barfood is a more or less prosperous theorist, till the war robs him of three children and furnishes the occasion, if not always the cause, of a series of afflictions which prove him as Job was proved. It is a noble figure, this broad-headed, broad-minded peasant preacher, who talks too much for other people's comfort and sometimes too much for his own, who shocks the Provost by denying the divinity and the infallibility of Jesus but follows the example of Jesus even to the point of loving the French and English slayers of his children. Frenssen's concessions to the sex-impulse will strike the conservative as perilous, and his exaltation of the selfish patrician Goethe, even at the expense of the democrat of Galilee, seems ludicrously unwarranted. If the years of struggle and suffering have not regularized Frenssen's theology, they seem at least to have mellowed him and strengthened his faith.

The Letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfreid. Translated by Ruth Pielkovo. Foreword by Frederick O'Brien. Dodd, Mead. $3.
These sixty-four letters, all but a few of them written from islands in the South Sea whither Gauguin had fled from civilization to paint as he liked and be free, reveal no ripening soul, mark no passages in a serene development and decline; they are the snarls of a man reduced almost wholly to the animal state, a poisoned rat self-sent to die in a hole. They ask for money chiefly, or brushes and paint, or direct that a picture be sold and the buyer damned —all the irritating, petty business of art. The friend to whom they are written is a friend among ten thousand, and does everything, but no one can do enough for the miserable man. Not only is Gauguin sick and dead at heart. During twelve years he is plagued with at least the following ailments, made much of in the correspondence: eczema, erysipelas, varicose veins, a broken ankle that never mends, failing eyesight, insomnia, hemorrhage, and influenza. Add rage, disappointment, poverty, misanthropy, and the most savage imaginable misogyny, and you have Gauguin. "Noa Noa," his autobiography, is more ideal, and the great paintings are, of course, compensations, but the present documents must always figure largely in the account.

The New Heavens. By George Ellery Hale. Scribner. $1.50.
A plain little treatise, in untechnical language, on the modern methods and developments of astrophysical research.

Jesus Christ and the World Today. By Grace Hutchins and Anna Rochester. $1.25.
This book contains a series of studies dealing with modern social applications of the teachings of Jesus. If Christianity is to have a vital and positive influence in the making of a new world it will have to be the sort of Christianity which is here earnestly, persuasively, and courageously suggested.

Immortality and the Modern Mind. By Kirsopp Lake. Harvard University. $1.
The Ingersoll Lecture for 1922, by a theologian who, practically as honest as an atheist, can find no argument for the survival of individuality but who finds human consolation in the belief that Life outlasts Living and Thought outlasts Thinking.

Little Poems from the Greek. By Walter Leaf. McBride. $1.75.
Selected versions from the Greek Anthology, in compact, neat, but generally undistinguished rhymed meters.

Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady and Famous Love Affairs. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page.
The wonderfully fecund Don Marquis, whose new volume follows "Poems and Portraits" by only a few months, is as American as baseball or Babe Ruth. There is something savagely efficient about his poetry, something terribly complete that the English would not like. He sails into his subject with both fists, and he wears no gloves. He undoubtedly says too much about the red-haired lady, and he searches too far in history for romances to ridicule by parody. But the best of Don Marquis is the best American satirical verse today.

Poems from Punch: 1909-1920, with an Introductory Essay by W. B. Drayton Henderson. Macmillan.
Like *Punch* itself, this volume is ripe to the core and as mild as milk. To readers only of American column-verse these utterly English pieces will be flat. The "point," when there is any at all, becomes apparent during the first stanza,

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and succeeding stanzas do nothing but smooth it away with ingenious rhyme and tamely ironical thought. One must have lived in England to get the full force of a *Punch* cartoon or the fun of a Fleet Street lyric. The present volume is often serious, and sometimes it is sentimental. Generally, however, it is gay with that civil gaiety which seldom is heard beyond the fireside or the garden wall. England gives great poets to the world; she keeps her small ones home.

Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age. Written and Illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Putnam. $2.50.
An excellent attempt to make the lives of the earliest men intelligible to laymen, or to mature children, here undertaken by a painter and an architect who are not specialists in archaeology but who have pictorial and sensible imaginations.

A Letter Book. Edited by George Saintsbury. Harcourt, Brace. $2.25.
A varied though not large collection of familiar letters from the Greeks to Stevenson, edited and introduced by Mr. Saintsbury with that gusto which makes him seem the Moby Dick of contemporary critics, shouldering his huge way through oceans of literature, liquor, and life.

Old English Poetry: Translations into Alliterative Verse. By J. Duncan Spaeth. Princeton University. $2.
One more very welcome reminder how richly poetical the so-called Anglo-Saxons were a thousand years ago. With Cook and Tinker, Faust and Thompson, Gummere, Barnouw, and Kennedy, Mr. Spaeth deserves high credit for making accessible and impressive the finest Old English verse. Here in a spirited version, perhaps the most readable to date, is most of England's great first epic, Beowulf; here are passages from Caedmon and Cynewulf; here is the Phoenix, that flowing and beautiful sketch of a golden age; here are the Wanderer and the Seafarer; here are charms and riddles and gnomic verses; here are the Battle of Brunnanburg and the Battle of Maldon. Such work cannot be done too often, or, when it is good, too much encouraged.

Electricity. By Sydney G. Starling. Longmans, Green.
A valuable, usable handbook in the series called Science in the Service of Man.

Truly Rural. By Richardson Wright. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
A jolly book which tells how a pair of Manhattanese acquired and perfected a farm in the stubborn paradise of Connecticut; a book sure to awaken nostalgia in all souls worthy of such a farm and fate.

Drama

The British Drama of Today

The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. Vol. IV. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.
The Love Match. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.
The Ship. By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

ONE cannot speak of a British theater as one can of a French, German, Russian, American theater. There is none. The record of a contemporary London season is as sordid and trivial as was that of a New York season ten years ago. The modern British dramatists have not transformed the theater of their country. Perhaps there have not been enough. Yet one triumphant mind and temperament like Shaw's, one grave and almost faultless talent like Galsworthy's should have sufficed. Nor was Pinero, like Sudermann, negligible as a prophet and a preparer of the way. One is forced to conclude that there is something fundamentally hostile to the art of the theater in the life of England and that this hostility has silenced many lesser voices that might have been heard. The scene of the moment is, at all events, barren enough. Mr. Arnold Bennett, himself of the older generation, continues his theatric prestidigitation; Mr. St. John Ervine's talent is quite static; Mr. Masefield plays with the drama in moods always more remote and futile; Clemence Dane is a new arrival, but she is conventional and violent despite her moments of energy and splendor. One need not, I suppose, mention the authors of "The National Anthem" or "Bulldog Drummond" or even of the agreeable "Captain Applejack." In the theater of which I am speaking these have no part.

A slowness of intellectual orientation may account for this state of affairs to a greater extent than is commonly supposed. The modern drama differs from the drama that went before it by virtue of an inner change which built the new technique from within outward. Whoever taps the sources of that inner change but will not recognize its presence in the drama, must simply neglect the theater. Such must be the attitude of most cultivated Englishmen. Whoever is blandly ignorant of any change in our view of the world which the modern drama reflects will, like our own Mr. Clayton Hamilton, continue to wonder why Galsworthy does not write to succeed and why people will not agree with him that Pinero is a very great person. In his confusion he becomes frenzied and writes these incredible words: "If I were suddenly required to adduce evidence in support of the unexpected statement that Pinero, at his highest, is an abler dramatist than Ibsen, I should toss 'Mid-Channel' on the carpet and appeal to futurity for a verdict without prejudice."

Well, let us suppose that Mr. Hamilton, another discus-thrower, has superbly tossed "Mid-Channel" on the carpet. He stands heroic and contemptuous while one remarks gently that the essence of the modern drama consists in the transference of the conflict from men's relations to social and moral concepts to those concepts themselves. Now in Pinero life is a game, like bridge or billiards. No one in his plays ever questions the validity of the rules and his "social plays" consist in showing that, if you don't follow the rules exactly and undeviatingly, you will, especially if you belong to the gentler sex, have to kill yourself. In the ordinary talk of intelligent contemporaries everywhere that shift of conflict is taken for granted. In Pinero it does not exist. Hence his plays are, in the bad sense, antiquated and, in the strict sense, trivial.

Mr. Hamilton, even with the examples of Shaw and Galsworthy before him, may say that my point is a godless, Continental one and has nothing to do with British beef, beer, and decency. But let him examine Mr. Ervine's "The Ship," which is not as finely imaginative as "John Fergusson" nor as beautifully sober and compact as "Jane Clegg." "It's very wrong to make people do things they don't want to do, even when those things are right. Very wrong. I've always believed that if a man wanted to go to hell and were compelled to go to heaven, he'd end by turning heaven into hell." Thus Mr. Ervine makes old Mrs. Thurlow speak. And further she says: "That's morality—hiding things that you don't think are wrong from people who do think they're wrong." Let Mr. Hamilton compare these two speeches with all the talk of all the Pineresque *raisonneurs* from Cayley Drummle to Peter Mottram and he will see what it means to say that the conflict in the modern drama has shifted its ground and that Pinero is not a serious dramatist at all. He may then see, too, that to exalt Pinero is to retard the slow and painful progress of the British theater. It is as though, in the full flood-tide of the Renaissance, one had been blind to the energetic and varied moral life in Shakespeare and had turned, as to perfection, to the meager and angular antithesis of salvation or damnation to which the medieval dramatist and thinker had reduced the many-colored and tumultuous life of man.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The Trial of the Russian Social Revolutionaries

The Charges

THE trial of thirty-four members of the Russian Social Revolutionary Party began in Moscow on June 6. The party of the Socialist Revolutionaries enjoyed considerable popularity among the peasants for its slogan "The whole land to the peasants," and among the revolutionary-inclined Russian intelligentsia because of the romantic appeal of the heroic acts of individual terrorists in the struggle of the party against the Czarist regime. Soon after the March revolution in 1917 the party was virtually in control of the Government for a period of eight months. This control was maintained through a coalition with the bourgeois parties which in the long run discredited the party in the eyes of the radical masses. The workers in the cities had no confidence in the semi-bourgeois government and rallied around the Bolsheviks who gained control of the power of government under the slogan of "No coalition with the owning classes, all power to the Soviets." Since the November revolution the Social Revolutionaries have been among the bitterest opponents of the Soviet Government, and their struggle against the Government precipitated the present trial. The indictment, containing 200 printed pages, charges the party with the organization of and participation in armed insurrections against the Soviet Government, the support of foreign intervention, the assassination of Soviet leaders, and the organization of money expropriations.

A general summary of the political issues of the case is given in the appeal To the Workers of the World issued by the Executive Committee of the Communist International.

. . . The Social Revolutionaries have perpetrated countless crimes against the Russian revolution. In the first days of the March revolution of 1917 the leaders of the S.R. together with the Menshevik leaders surrendered the power seized by the workers and soldiers to the bands of open imperialists led by Gutchkov, Miliukov, Prince Lvov, and other flunkies of the Entente. The Social Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks exerted all their influence upon the soldiers, the peasants, and that portion of the working class that still had confidence in them, to use them to augment the power of the bourgeoisie and prosecute the war begun by Czar Nicholas II in the name of Russia. In June, 1917, Kerensky, a former minister, a member of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party, began—with the full support of all the leaders of his party—the offensive which cost the lives of thousands upon thousands of Russian soldiers and workers. This he did at the instance of the English and French imperialists. In July, 1917, the S.R. and the Mensheviks, who at that time belonged to the so-called Bourgeois Coalition Government, attempted to work up a sort of Dreyfus Affair against the leaders of the Bolsheviks. The Social Revolutionary and Menshevik ministers accused Lenin, Trotzky, Zinoviev, Lunacharski, and a number of other old revolutionaries of being agents of the German Kaiser, from whom it was alleged they had obtained funds for their anti-war agitation. This was a conscious attempt at judicial murder, a deliberate cold-blooded plan to deliver the leaders of the Russian revolutionary proletariat over to the White Guardist reaction which was at that time still violent and drunk with fury. To this period belongs also the attempt of the "Social Revolutionaries" and the Mensheviks to disarm the Petrograd workers. During July, 1917, the S.R.'s slaughtered hundreds of Petrograd workers and Kronstadt sailors. The Coalition Government and in particular Avksentiev, at that time Minister of the Interior, suppressed dozens of workers' papers of the Bolshevik wing. . . . The labor movement was compelled for a long time to exist illegally. . . .

. . . Some days after the great victory gained by the Russian proletariat on October 25, old style (November 7, new style), the Central Committee of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party organized the assault of the Junkers against the Petrograd workers. A. Gotz, member of the Central Committee of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party, one of the present accused, was the chief organizer of this Junker attack which cost the revolutionary workers an enormous toll of lives. At the beginning of 1918 the "Social Revolutionary" Party entered into an open alliance with the Entente. In the resolutions of their central committees they openly demanded intervention. The Central Committee of the "Social Revolutionaries," with Tchernov, Avksentiev, Zenzinov, Minor, and many others at the head, entered into an open league with the counter-revolutionary Czecho-Slovakian officers who had been prisoners of war in Russia. . . . Supported by these Czecho-Slovakian Legionaries, the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party seized power in Samara and from there it organized the civil war against the Russian proletariat. Thousands upon thousands of workers who sympathized with the Soviet Power were murdered during these months by the S.R. Party which was allied with the Czecho-Slovakian Legion. Over 600 Bolshevik workers were shot in Samara when the Red Army compelled the S.R. and the Czecho-Slovakian Legions to evacuate. . . . It was thanks to the S.R. and the Czecho-Slovakian Legions that Admiral Kolchak was able to seize power in Siberia. . . .

. . . Hundreds of the most active members of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party fought in the armies of Generals Judenich and Denikin against the Russian workers. The leading S.R.'s and Mensheviks committed the basest treachery in the districts temporarily occupied by Wrangel, Denikin, Judenich, and Kolchak. . . . But this was not enough. The "Socialist Revolutionary" Party adopted the tactics of individual terror against the prominent leaders of the Russian proletariat. The members of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party murdered Comrade Volodarski, the tribune of the Petrograd working class. As the disclosures of Semionov, a former prominent member of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party, show this was the result of a decision of the Central Committee of the "Social Revolutionary" Party. . . . A student named Kannegiesser, a member of the group of "People's Socialists" which is connected with the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party, murdered Comrade Uritzky. . . . On the same day Fanny Kaplan, a member of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party, shot the leader of the World Revolution, Comrade Lenin. She did it on the order of the Central Committee of the "Socialist Revolutionary" Party. This fact is based on a series of depositions and will doubtless be perfectly proved during the trial at Moscow. . . . For many months the S.R. murderers systematically sought to assassinate Trotzky, Zinoviev, and other leaders of the Russian proletariat. . . .

These are the most important (but by no means all) of the crimes of the party of the so-called "Socialist Revolutionaries" which the Proletarian Tribunal in Moscow will judge. The program of this party of "Social Revolutionaries" is the re-establishment of the power of capital. Under the name of democracy this party of so-called "Social Revolutionaries" in reality defends the interests of the bourgeois restoration. It is the most active party of the Russian and therefore, under present circumstances, of the international counter-revolution. . . .

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The Defense

THE foreign delegation of the Russian Social Revolutionary Party published a "memorandum to the conference of the three international federations of Socialist and Communist parties held at Berlin on April 2, 1922" in which the S. R. P. stated its side of the case. In the introduction to the memorandum the S. R. P. declared, in part:

In a special manifesto, To the Socialist Parties of all the World, the foreign delegation of the Social Revolutionary Party (S.R.P.) has explained the meaning and objects of the monstrous prosecution which is being organized in Moscow against 47[1] prominent workers of the Social Revolutionary Party. . . .

This act is merely a further development of the tactics followed systematically by the Bolsheviks from the very beginning of the revolution in 1917 till the present day.

The March revolution placed the new Russia in a tragical dilemma. Demands for radical internal reconstruction conflicted sharply with the international military conditions, which were straining all the forces and resources of the nation. This disastrous antagonism was completely misunderstood by the first bourgeois-class government, which, torn by irreconcilable contradictions, merely prolonged the political line of the autocracy, with the watchword—already an impossibility for Russia—"Fight to a victorious finish."

The secret socialistic organizations, which, though they had as yet hardly been transformed into open political parties, had with incredible speed dominated public opinion, were forced to assume part of the responsibility for the conduct of affairs and a share in the governmental authority. Working in the Coalition Government with the left section of the bourgeois parties, they tried to carry through their policy, which was to prepare a rearrangement of many-peopled Russia on federative principles, to adopt indispensable, far-reaching reforms in taxation, land-ownership, and control of production, and to take energetic action to end the war and conclude a general democratic peace. . . .

The coalition with the bourgeois elements did not prove lasting. Especially on the questions of peace policy, agrarian reform, and the federation of Russia, the stubborn resistance of the class elements paralyzed the action of the Provisional Government. Thus the time came for a new step forward by the revolution—the breaking up of the coalition with the bourgeoisie. But in the conditions of the World War, the passing of the whole bourgeoisie, including its liberal constituents, into irreconcilable opposition, threatened enormous difficulties. These difficulties were deepened by the unfavorable attitude of the belligerent states toward the pacific watchword of the Russian revolution. In such a situation, the change from a fettering coalition with the bourgeoisie to a purely socialistic government could be safely made only on one condition. This was a united labor and socialistic front toward all the internal and external enemies of the revolution. . . .

Whenever, in consequence of the repeated crises of the coalition, the question arose whether a socialistic government, supported by all the elements and groups of Russian socialism, was possible, the Bolshevist Party invariably declared its determination to remain in irresponsible opposition. Urging the other Socialist parties to break with the bourgeoisie, it openly hailed this rupture as the prelude to the transfer of power from a general socialist government into its own hands, as a monopoly which it intended to share with none.

These disintegrating tactics, by confronting the Social Revolutionaries and Mensheviks with the danger of a fight on two fronts, led to a prolongation of the obsolete coalition with bourgeois elements, to a fruitless governmental activity, to a loss of popularity and extreme weakening of the Government. This was what the Bolsheviks were counting on. Their plan was to fan the natural impatience of the masses, and seize power by means of a street riot. . . .

The Bolsheviks worked on the suspicions and distrust of the least enlightened and most impatient elements of the masses. They poisoned the moral atmosphere by disseminating everywhere charges of treachery, of betraying the interests of the working class, of corruption, of doing the dirty work of the bourgeoisie, and even of deliberate prolongation of the war. . . .

Thus the logic of the position created by themselves brought the Bolsheviks, in their race for power, to a persecution of the Socialists, to an egging-on against them of the more easily excitable and impulsive sections of the masses. And if, by doing so, the Bolsheviks sometimes provoked spirits which, subsequently, they themselves could not control, that drawback had for them its advantageous side, since it was thus all the easier for them to explain what happened as spontaneous manifestations of elemental "popular wrath." . . .

After seizing power, the Bolsheviks, as is well known, dropped their mask. Having failed to obtain the majority in the Constituent Assembly, although the elections were held under strong pressure on their part, they dispersed it by violence, on the pretext that it no longer represented the country, in which the revolution was spreading with great rapidity. In spite of that, however, they did not decide for new elections, but preferred to destroy the existing universal suffrage, replace direct voting by indirect with many gradations, and make balloting open instead of secret, which allowed them, by means of terrorization, to exercise pressure on the electors.

Later, when social hatred and vengefulness had died down even among the least enlightened and most embittered sections of the population, the bolshevik terror assumed new forms. It became a state terror, organized and centralized, the business of a special body of professional spies and executioners.

A review of the alleged acts of the bolshevik regime of terror is given in the succeeding chapters of the memorandum under the headings: Murder of Socialists, Mass Murders of Workers, Ill-Treatment and Torture of Prisoners, The Cheka and Its Work. Here are enumerated most of the accusations against the Soviet Government which have found their way during the last few years into the whole European and American press, and are, therefore more or less familiar. The memorandum then proceeds to question the integrity of the former member of the S. R. P., Gregori Semionov Vassiliev, who is one of the leading witnesses for the prosecution:

We have already sufficiently illuminated the statements and activity of the foundation-pillar of the charge—Mr. Semionov-Vassiliev. From the depositions of witnesses at our disposal, we have shown that in 1918, by agreement with two or three other persons, he decided, on his own risk and responsibility, to undertake terroristic acts against leaders of bolshevism, and hid from his second-rank assistants that not only had no decision been taken for this, but that it had been directly forbidden by the Central Committee. We have made it clear that, basing his hopes on the logic of the bolshevik terror, which some day was likely to drive the S. R. P. to a responsive terror, he persisted in this line of conduct, and twice tried to saddle the party post-factum with attempts made with his direct or indirect participation, always bearing a grudge against the Central Committee because it would not sanction his action. Only saved by his arrest from expulsion from the party, twice ordered to dissolve his organization, and with it to evacuate first Petrograd and afterwards Moscow, this man, instead of doing that, on the contrary for the benefit of the Cheka did all he could to implicate the Central Committee. At the same time, in his "Reminiscences," he is so incautious as to acknowledge that he was always suspected of being an adventurer by the Central Committee of the

[1] After the preliminary investigation in the trial a statement issued by Rosmirodich, manager of the investigation, declares the actual number of Social Revolutionaries to be tried is 34, not 47.—EDITOR.

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party, and that he twice deceived the party by concealing from it his participation in private expropriations, that is to say in the robbery of private persons, for which he was liable to instant expulsion from the party. Similar incautious admissions we also find in the statements of his friend Konopleva, who subserviently repeats everything after him.

We have succeeded in clearing up the whole story of the machinations of the Cheka with its instrument Semionov. Arrested at Saratov, escaping, and while doing so wounding an agent-provocateur, and again caught, Semionov was liable to be shot. Instead of that, after remaining some time in prison, he was liberated. Everyone in Russia can say a priori what that means, and at what price such a miraculous escape is bought. But we have also other direct data, witnessing that from 1919 Semionov and his friend served the "special section" of the Cheka, received a number of secret commissions to Poland, to the Crimea, and to other places abroad, that, in a word, they long ago gave the Cheka all they had to give away. The publication of their reminiscences . . . which it is pretended came unexpectedly for the Cheka, is a transparent comedy, under which is hidden the execution of an order of their masters.

To the other accusations against the bolshevik regime, we add the charge of playing this foolish and clumsy comedy before the eyes of international socialism. The noisily announced and then postponed trial, with the continued revision of many details of the indictment, which up to the present has not been handed to the accused,[2] and the placing of all the accused in the worst of all the jails, the notorious internal prison of the All-Russian Cheka, in order that not a particle of news may reach them from the outside world—these are in themselves an indirect confession of crime.

In conclusion the S.R. declare in their memorandum:

So far we have raised only a small corner of the curtain which hides what is being done in far-off Russia. . . .

We declare that we will not fold our hands till we have laid bare the whole truth about a regime which would disgrace all socialism forever if it did not encounter among the Socialists themselves an opportune moral repudiation.

If, for the benefit of some cunning and ingenious diplomacy, an appearance of "unity of front" were now to be created in Europe at the cost of the victims of the bolshevik terror in Russia, socialism would disgrace itself for a long time to come, and we should have to protest against a weak moral condoning of all the acts narrated in our memorandum.

There are questions of such importance to humanity and morality that it is impossible to settle them by compromise. There are principles which cannot be made the objects of barter, or can be made so only with disastrous consequences. We demand, with the object of making possible a united front in the West and in Europe, first of all that an end shall be put to the shameful regime of terror, the regime of the Chrezvychaikas, the regime of despotism, blood, and filth.

We demand that the political prisoners pining in bolshevik dungeons shall be at once released.

We demand that the delegates of the Social Revolutionary Party to the joint sitting of the three international federations of Socialist and Communist parties, Gotz, Timofeiev, Gendelmann, Rakov, and Feodorovich, shall be allowed to leave Russia.

We demand the quashing of the hypocritical, fraudulent, artificially concocted Moscow prosecution, which our comrades do not fear, and in which, if it comes to trial, they will appear not as accused but as accusers and exposers of the comedy of bolshevik justice.

Let it not be said that we are demanding all this to avoid unfavorable judicial revelations about our past. More than once we have declared, and we now repeat, that we throw the Russian Bolshevik Party the challenge—to submit our mutual accusations to the investigation of an impartial commission, organized by agreement with the three existing international federations of Socialist and Communist parties. Any evasion of the acceptance of this challenge means for us an admission by the Bolsheviks that they can count on getting the better of us only through a trial in which they would be at the same time a party to the suit and the judges upon it.

International socialism would not be fulfilling its duty if it did not support our demands.

FOREIGN DELEGATION OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTIONARY PARTY:
ZENZINOV, RUBANOVICH, RUSANOV, SUCHOMLIN, CHERNOV.

[2] The statement issued after the preliminary investigation declares the indictment was given to the accused on May 23.—EDITOR.

Evidence for the Prosecution

THE former prominent member of the S.R.P., Gregori Semionov Vassiliev, referred to both in the appeal of the Communist International and in the memorandum of the S.R.P., published a pamphlet dated December 2, 1921, on the "Military and Fighting Activities of the S. R. P. During 1917-1918." In this pamphlet Semionov, who had been at the head of the "fighting section of the S.R.P.," tells in detail the story of the activities and intrigues of the party in its struggle against the Soviets soon after the November revolution. According to his testimony the party in the early days of the struggle was busy organizing some of the military units of the old army for an insurrection against the Soviet Government. The party established relations with military and reactionary organizations such as the group represented by the former S.R. Filonenko, who at that time was in Petrograd busy organizing attempts at counter-revolution. The military organization of the S.R.P. accepted money from the French mission. The money was forwarded through the Danish mission. The military organization further had a special group whose business it was to derail or blow up trains carrying ammunition to the bolshevik troops fighting at the front. The Semionov pamphlet continues:

From Donskoi (a member of the Central Committee of the party, now on trial) I learned that the group accomplished the crash of several trains and blew up a few small railway bridges. . . . Part of the explosives . . . the military organization received from the French mission through a Frenchman who was employed in the secret service division of the mission.

Semionov was at the head of the fighting sections of the S.R.P. which succeeded in assassinating Volodarski and attempted the assassination of Trotzky, Lenin, Zinoviev, and other leading Bolsheviks, and confiscated a considerable sum of money. Semionov insists that the fighting sections were acting with the knowledge and sanction of the Central Committee. The official declarations of the Central Committee in which it denied its relations to these activities created bad feeling among the members of the fighting sections who regarded these declarations as an act of cowardice.

The details of the assassination are corroborated in the testimony of another member of the fighting sections of the S.R.P., Lydia Konopleva. The assassination of Volodarski and the unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Lenin are described by Konopleva in her statement:

Some time in February (1918) the worker Kononov was placed by the Central Committee at the head of the "fighting groups." . . . Early in April this work was intrusted to G. Semionov. . . .

The Central Committee approved of the terroristic work. . . . During the Petrograd period the activities of the group and its plan were known to Gotz; during the Moscow period, to the member of the C. C., Donskoi. . . .

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The fighting section in Petrograd decided to assassinate Zinoviev and Volodarski, and Lenin and Trotzky in Moscow. For this purpose the members of fighting section Gvozd, Usov, and Zelenkov were sent to Moscow. . . . In June one of the members of the group (in Petrograd), Sergeiev, assassinated Volodarski. On the following day the Central Committee declared in the papers that the party organizations would take no responsibility for the assassination, and the Central Committee ordered Semionov through me to evacuate the fighting section from Petrograd. . . .

Before the group was put the question whom to assassinate first, Lenin or Trotzky. It was decided to begin with the one who was first met in circumstances favoring an attempt. We decided to make use of the meetings which took place each week in the different sections of the city. . . . During the first week all members of the fighting group were armed with revolvers . . . and dispatched to the several meetings. But after one of the members encountered Lenin and did not shoot him the plan was somewhat changed. A few persons were appointed to carry out the assassinations.

These were Fanny Kaplan, Kozlov, and I. Each of us visited several meetings. . . . On the third Friday, August 30, Fanny Kaplan was sent to the district of the Zamoskvorechye, I was appointed to watch in the district of the Alexandrovski Depot, and Kozlov in the Basmany district. The other members were sent to all meetings, and in case Lenin should come to one of the meetings they were supposed to inform one of the executors placed in the several districts. Lenin arrived at Shchipki, and Fanny shot him. The three bullets were poisoned.

. . . The sanction in the name of the Central Committee of the party was given us by Gotz and Donskoi who warned us that if the party was not then in a position to take upon itself the responsibility of this act, this would be done later, and Donskoi assured us that in no case would the party deny the terroristic act.

On the day following the attempt of Fanny Kaplan an official declaration appeared in the name of the party that none of the party organizations took part in the attempt against Lenin. . . .

About the expropriations of money Semionov tells in his pamphlet.

The question of expropriations was placed before the Central Committee for discussion. Although the C.C. was in principle opposed to the application of expropriations it declared it admissible to apply expropriations to the organs of the Soviet Government. The C.C. did this on account of the situation of the party, that is, the complete lack of money for further work. The C.C. was, however, of the opinion that it was entirely impossible to carry on the expropriations in the name of the party. Our "fighters" were to carry on the expropriations in such a manner that not the slightest connection should exist between these and the party. In case of seizure, our "fighters" were to declare themselves to be criminals. The military commission supported this view of the C.C. (about April, 1918). . . .

The first expropriation was applied to a rich merchant in Sesnoye. . . . The result of the expropriation was negligible (15,000-20,000 rubles). The expropriation created a very bad impression upon the "fighters" that had taken part. The C.C. knew that we had carried out an expropriation. Because of the negligible result I did not inform it where and by whom it had taken place.

I delivered the money to Rakov, member of the C.C.

The second expropriation was carried out as follows: A member of the Commissariat for Food Supplies, who was a S.R., informed us that he would ride on a certain day to Saratov for the purpose of buying food with one million rubles under the protection of four armed guards. I, Gvosd, Sergeiev, Usov, Seleukov, and Seslenko got into the train. During the night we threatened the guards with revolvers, took away the money, stopped the train by a false signal, and fled.

In Moscow the Eighth Party Congress was convening at that time. I reported on the incident and delivered the money to the party funds. The money was very much needed then. The Party Congress intended to move its field of activities to the border districts and to organize an insurrection there. It was intended to send a group of party workers with Volsky at the head into the Volga district for this purpose, and for that money was needed. . . .

Further, Pepelyaiev was informed by the postmaster at the corner of Kamergerski Alley and Tverskaia Street that there were about 200,000-300,000 rubles in the post-office there. I looked over the post-office and decided that the expropriation was technically possible. In the morning, shortly after the opening of the post-office, I, Koroliev, Seleukov, Subkoi, and one of the "fighters" from the Nevsko-Sastavsky municipal district appeared there. We were armed with Mausers and Brownings and had two bombs. In the post-office there were 8 or 9 customers besides the officials. We closed the entrance door, so that the arriving public had the impression that the post-office was still closed. We ordered: "Hands up!" Everyone obeyed the order. We disarmed one official who had a revolver. Everyone was frightened. No resistance was offered. We took the money from the safe, about 100,000 rubles, and fled through the back door. According to the agreement with Donskoi we kept this money for the "fighting organization." (This happened about the beginning of August, 1918.) . . .

The evidence of other witnesses for the prosecution refers to the participation of the S.R. in the different counter-revolutionary insurrections, such as those of Tambov, Kronstadt, etc., and in the governments set up by the interventionists.

Among others the Moscow *Izvestia* of May 30 published an article in which the S.R. were accused of acts of direct treason.

In the Volga region the insurrection of the Czecho-Slovaks was organized under the leadership and with the direct participation of the S.R.P. . . . This is not denied by the S.R. themselves . . . who have told in their emigrant press of their leadership in the Czecho-Slovak insurrection. . . . Colonel Makhin as early as 1920 frankly told in the emigrant newspapers how the military staff of the S.R.P. which had its seat at Moscow in 1918 instructed him to enter the Red Army, occupy there a position as commander, and organize military treason. . . . This treacherous enterprise was carried through by Colonel Makhin to the end. . . .

During the five years of the existence of the workers' and peasants' power in Russia there was not a single counter-revolutionary insurrection in which the S.R. have not played an active or a leading part; there was also not one of the foreign interventions which was not organized with the active assistance of the S.R.P.

In Siberia the S.R. were in alliance with the Japanese and English and received from them money and munitions. In the Ukraine the S.R. were the allies of the French (during Denikin). . . .

In the Transcaspian region the S.R., occupying seats in the "government," acted in accord with the English occupation troops, and shot the representatives of the Soviet power and of the Communist Party.

Thus the S.R. worked everywhere.

Next Week

The Nation will publish further evidence on the exclusion of Jews from American universities.

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